National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XX. NO. 9. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1859. WHOLE NO. 997.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.
PUBLISHED WEEKLY, ON SATURDAY,
AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM,
BY THE
AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,
At its Office, No. 5 Beekman Street, New York,
AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE
PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,
107 *North Fifth St., above Arch, Philadelphia.*

Letters for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "*Editor of the National Anti-Slavery Standard, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business affairs of the paper, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the National Anti-Slavery Standard, New York.*"

RATE OF ADVERTISING, 10 cents per line each insertion.

Selections.

THE FOURTH AT FRAMINGHAM.

Reported for The Liberator, by JAS. M. W. YERRINTON.

THE members and friends of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, "remembering them that are in bonds as bound with them," assembled in the beautiful grove in Framingham, on Monday, July 4th, to hear once more the story of the slave's wrongs, and renewedly consecrate themselves to his deliverance. The day was an exceedingly fine one for an out-of-door gathering, and the number in attendance very large—to be counted by thousands.

The meeting was called to order, a few minutes before 11 o'clock, by FRANCIS JACKSON, Esq., of Boston, and organized by the choice of the following officers:

President—THOMAS W. HIGGINSON, Worcester.

Vice-Presidents—Francis Jackson, Boston; Edmund Quincy, Dedham; Charles L. Remond, Salem; Effingham L. Capron, Worcester; Adin Ballou, Hopedale; Abijah Allen, Millbury; Henry O. Stone, Framingham.

Secretaries—Charles K. Whipple, James M. W. Yerrinton, Boston.

Finance Committee—Samuel May, Jr., Leicester; E. D. Draper, Hopedale; Sallie Holley, Worcester; Frances H. Drake, Leominster.

Prayer was then offered by Rev. Mr. Bird, of Hayti; after which, a hymn, by Mary Ward Wellman, was sung, to the tune of "Old Hundred."

ADDRESS BY REV. T. W. HIGGINSON.

The President then addressed the Convention, substantially as follows:

FRIENDS: Let us congratulate each other upon the glorious sunshine and cool, fresh air that preside over our meeting to-day. They will put, I trust, such electricity and elasticity into us all that we shall know more truth to-night, if there is not a word of truth spoken on this platform, than we do this morning, and that all the audience will feel fresh and strong, even if the speakers do not.

This is our day—our Fourth of July. We can claim it, if nobody else can. The Declaration of Independence, with all its great ideas, is true and genuine for us, if it is not for anybody else. You know that the eccentric Concord prophet says that the four Gospels make the best book in the world, only he hardly ever finds anybody who has read it. I think the Declaration of Independence contains as great thoughts as were ever penned, if we could only find anybody who believed in them. But I suppose that the reason why people do go—for a few of them do still go—to other meetings than this on the Fourth of July (laughter) is because they are a little afraid of those thoughts, and they find that here they get a little more than they can stand. In other meetings they hear it read, then go away and forget it all the rest of the day; while here it is actually used as our text, and preached from through the day, and that is more than many of our self-styled Republicans and Democrats can stand. In old Anti-Masonic times in New York, there was a member of the Assembly who removed his boarding-place from one hotel to another; and when they asked him the reason, he said that the place he had left was full of Anti-Masons. "But this hotel you have come to is the head-quarters of anti-masonry; the leaders of the party, Seward, Weed, and the rest of them, stop here." "O, I know it," said he; "but these men only talk about it, while those fellows down there believe in it" (laughter). That is the reason why those people who cannot stand the Declaration of Independence run away from this meeting—because these fellows actually believe in it. We believe in it, and we reiterate it and reiterate it, until all the community have begun to learn the lesson, and got a little tired of us. They declare that we say the same things over and over again, until they are quite bored. That is just what we are trying to do (laughter). The only immortality I know of comes from getting hold of some great idea, and boring the people with it. All the reformers were men perfectly intolerable to their own generation; because they talked so much of their "one idea." We will try to earn that reputation. We will try to be like those Batavians of whom Tacitus said, "Other men go to battle; these are the only men who go to war." Our fight is no mere series of skirmishes; it is a genuine, permanent conflict. Year in and year out, every Fourth of July, for I do not know how many years past, these trees have echoed, and every Fourth of July, I am afraid to think for how many years to come, they have got to echo, with these same thoughts of liberty; and if telling them by the tens or dozens of times does not answer the purpose, may our children's children tell them by hundreds and hundreds, until at last, by the time these trees have grown monarchs of the forest, and crumbled into dust, there may be this one spot of earth that is free, if no other place is. Old Mr. Wesley, who was the father of the Wesleys, who were the fathers of the Wesleyans, was a man of rather an impatient temper, and once asked his wife, "How could you bear to tell that stupid servant girl just the same thing twenty times over yesterday?" "Because if I had only told her nineteen times and then stopped, I should have lost all my labor" (laughter). We are not going to lose our labor, if reiteration, year after year, can help it. Let us be considered tiresome, if the thoughts we utter become the food of men.

The essence of the idea of liberty is far away still from multitudes in this community, as if they had never heard it. They become anti-slavery because others do; they swell the minority, then they swell the majority; and even when they claim that they vote anti-slavery men into office, they themselves have never grasped the principles upon which this truth lies. I talked the other day with one of the most gifted intellects whom I know; a man identified also with every good word and work; and, to my amazement, that man, in defining the essence of slavery, defined it to be one man claiming and taking the earnings of another, and using them for his own benefit, instead of using them for the benefit of the man who earned them. That was his definition of slavery. I told him that such a definition of slavery would make himself a slaveholder in five years, if he lived in a slave State and got the chance. The essence of slavery is not in taking another man's earnings and using them for your own good; it is in daring to take another man's earnings, and using them *at all*. If a man should go and draw your railroad dividends, and use them as he thought best, it would not save him from conviction for obtaining money under false pretences that he proves, in open court, that he used the money for your good. You do not want him to take it at all. The distinction between the best slaveholder and the worst is trifling, so long as they are both *slaveholders*. The wrong is not in the use to which the property of the slave is put, but in claiming the right to use it at all. Once, in Italy, a countryman brought into the market-place a basket full of young wolves. Some one bought one of the animals, and, paying the money, asked the farmer to pick him out a "good-natured" one. "Take which you please," said he; "they are all *wolves*" (laughter and applause). The slaveholder is a slaveholder. Whatever circumstances there may be in his special case to make it less guilty in him at the outset, compared with the man who deliberately, with his eyes open, seizes the opportunity to commit that sin, still, the essence of the wrong is the same. The invasion of the right of property is the wrong; the use you make of it is trifling in comparison.

I tell you that, even here in Massachusetts, we have got again, and again, and again, to repeat the first principles of anti-slavery action, before we can get the community at large to understand that slaves are not and cannot be property. Men think they are a kind of property that ought not to be given up—but they imagine that they are *property*, still; and, going to the South with that impression, it is easy for them to have their sympathies drawn out for those poor unfortunate beings who are sent into the world with all these slaves to take care of! Their sympathy is for the master, and not for the slave. Even in the ranks of those who call themselves anti-slavery men, you will find those who sympathize with the condition of these unfortunate slaveholders, whenever they are called upon to give up their slaves, and they talk about compensation—to the slaveholders! Did you ever hear the story of the man who, having a great deal of feeling himself, wished to educate the sensibilities of his little boy, and so showed him a picture of Daniel in the lions' den. It was a very highly-wrought and impressive picture; painted in the highest style of art; very savage lions; very venerable Daniel. The benevolent father watched the face of his little boy with great eagerness, to see the tender emotions springing there. At last the tears began to collect in the little boy's eyes, and he exclaimed, "Oh, father!" "Well," said he, delighted to see the manifestation of so much sensibility in his child, "what do you think of it?" "Why, see, that poor little lion, away out in the corner, won't get a bit!" (Great merriment.) There is the sympathy for the slaveholder, instead of the slave. "Poor little lion, he won't get a bit." I tell you we have got to reiterate and reiterate, again and again, before we teach the people the first fundamental principles of anti-slavery. In the meantime, they are anti-slavery from vague feeling, or because their neighbors are, or from generous sympathy; but they are not rooted and grounded in the faith, and therefore their anti-slavery does not stand the test. In the meantime, we have got to work. We will put our trust in God; but, with all due deference to our non-resistant friends, we will take care to "keep our powder dry," also. We must remember what Erskine says of faith in God, as the Turks express it—"God is great; only I myself am lazy." We must have that living faith that expresses itself in acts. God's power is turned away from the man who keeps still when the world is at work; and even to come here and drink, as a mere luxury, the words of freedom, may only weaken us, if we do not go away strengthened for more earnest action than we have ever used before. So let us here to-day have words that amount to something, and then go away and try, as Theodore Parker used to say, to salt them down with action by and by. Do not let us be afraid of exaggeration. Some people are so afraid of it, in an anti-slavery meeting, that they always declare that two and two make three, lest they should be accused of exaggeration if they said that two and two make four (laughter). Let us tell the simple truth here to-day. Of course, telling the simple truth is always called exaggeration by those who do not believe in it. When Stephenson, the English engineer, was about to go before the House of Commons with his plan for a locomotive engine, the counsel who was to plead his cause took him by the button privately, and implored him not to say a word about that idea of his, that a locomotive engine could be driven as fast as twenty miles an hour. Truth is always exaggeration to those who do not want to believe it, or who cannot believe it. Do not let us be afraid of that.

And, for another thing, do not let us be afraid of personalities. So long as God sends sin into the world, incarnated in sinners, let us be grateful that He sends also reformers into the world, to point out these sinners, and say to every one of them, "Thou art the man!" (Applause.) The Doughface in the Biglow Papers says:

> "I'm willin' a man should go tollable strong
> Agin wrong in the abstract, fer that kind o' wrong
> Is ollers unpop'lar an' nev-r gits pitied,
> Because it's a crime no one never committed."

Friends, let us have nothing to say about wrong in the abstract; put it in the concrete. Be just to the sinner, but do not shrink from dealing with him. The worst sinner has a spark of good in him; and I sometimes find, from my personal experience, that a man may be a reasonably strong Abolitionist and still have a good deal of the devil in him, after all. Let us, therefore, be just, but do let us be personal to-day. Let us tell the truth about politicians. They tell the truth, and a good deal worse than the truth, about us—why should we not reciprocate, and tell the truth, at least, about them? Goldsmith says, in his "Citizen of the World," that he was invited to dine with a friend, who promised him venison, and turtle, and a great man. He says, "I went to the dinner. The venison was capital; the turtle was delicious; but the great man was intolerable." That is the diet that politicians serve up to us (laughter). The dishes are better than the men (applause).

Do not let us be particular about the Church either. Some of our friends are terribly anxious lest we should be too severe upon the Church. It is not all of us who have to reproach ourselves, as Stephen Foster reproaches himself, with being timid about speaking unwelcome truth (roars of laughter and great applause). There are some of us who do not suffer from timidity, which I am afraid has kept him from us to-day. Do not let us shrink, therefore, from telling the truth about the Church. Here are three Churches all around us, priding themselves on taking up some little word of anti-slavery that was uttered in thunder tones by men of power years ago, and they claim immunity from criticism because they say that little word to-day; because they now teach the first beginning of the alphabet in their Sunday Schools, they expect us to forget all the twenty-four letters. I have no objection to any one coming under their influence, and learning all they can; but in some cases their position seems to me a good deal like that of the man who was appointed Librarian to the Royal Library at Paris during some change in the government there. One of his friends called upon him, and said he was glad he had been appointed Chief of the largest library in Europe; it would be an excellent opportunity for him to learn to read and write (laughter). So we go into the Church with all its magnificent pretensions, only to get the first hint of anti-slavery. Let us not fear to criticize such weakness as that. If we do, we deserve to be criticised ourselves.

My friends, I have got an arduous responsibility before me to-day. It will not be difficult to keep order among this audience. There is never any trouble in keeping order among people who can go out when they please. My only difficulty will be in keeping order among the speakers. This platform would not hold the many eloquent men I see about me. A little girl in Worcester, the other day, accused her teacher of partiality. She said she did not care if she did show partiality, but she thought she ought to show partiality to all just the same (laughter). So I will try to show partiality to all just the same (loud applause).

SPEECH OF REV. M. B. BIRD.

MR. CHAIRMAN: I certainly very much rejoice in the anti-slavery character of this meeting, and I am thankful to have the opportunity of saying a word on that important question. I am not in the habit of entering into anything like reasoning as to whether a man has a right to hold property in man. It seems to me that the time has almost gone by for reasoning on such a subject as that. With regard to slavery, I am, I think, in all the length and breadth of the idea, a disciple of John Wesley, and I hold, with that man of immortal memory, that slavery is "the sum of all villanies." I look upon it as the offspring of hell, and I would that I could drive it back again to its own infernal home (applause). Alas! I am but a puny mortal in this particular; but I remember the words of your great thinker, "I tremble for my country when I remember that God is just, and that his justice will not sleep."

With regard to slavery, I would observe that, in the very nature of things, it is an unsafe, a dangerous institution. Think, my friends, by way of illustration, of the position of Hayti when it was a colony. The white French colonists were high in authority, living in all the pomp and magnificence of wealth and grandeur, and but little dreaming of what was beneath their feet. They little thought that that system which they idolized was about to produce a dreadful earthquake. I cannot enter into a description of those scenes of bloodshed and murder, and "confusion worse confounded," which were the result of that system which some men idolize, and which we call slavery. It is unsafe, because it is unnatural; because it is false; because it is an outrage upon the eternal principles of right. It cannot be safe to-day, supported by such props as it is.

Mr. Bird then spoke of the attempt to tar and feather Rev. Henry Bleby, at Jamaica, whose visit to this country will be pleasantly remembered by many of our readers. Mr. B. escaped, but a quantity of tar had fallen upon his cravat, and the missionary Knibb, who was then about visiting England, took his cravat, and exhibited it throughout England as a specimen of the white savageism existing in Jamaica. The result was, as might well be supposed, that the mind of the whole nation was fired with the most savage indignation. It is a truth, said Mr. B., that the slaveholders themselves frequently, perhaps I may say generally, do more to bring down the system which they worship than any one else, by the acts of violence and outrage and injustice of which they are guilty.

Mr. Bird then referred to the revolution in Hayti, and the cause from which it sprung. He said that the French settlers condescended to have children by their black slaves, and those children were sent to France, many of them, where they received excellent education, and became, in the nature of things, men. At length, one of these young men, Oge, returning from France, demanded for the class he represented, that they should be recognized as men. The result was that he was seized and stretched upon the wheel, and those white savages, with the Cross in their hands, in the name of Charity and Christianity, broke the limbs of their unhappy victim; but he expired without a murmur. This was the dreadful starting-point of Haytian liberty. Who were the wretched and miserable authors of the blood and murder, the dreadful struggles and atrocities and fiendish crimes which followed? Let every man blush at the remembrance—they were white men, calling themselves Christians, baptized Christians. But Hayti was roused, and her sons called to arms. Dessalines, after a deadly struggle, after seeing his own countrymen torn to pieces, and drowned and butchered, and treated in every way in a manner becoming fiends rather than men, became, very naturally, a fiend himself. Some had seemed to think it awful that he should have cut up some eight hundred white people, men, women and children; but when a man was transformed into a fiend, by the injustice and tyranny of others, we need not wonder at any crimes to which he might be driven. Dessalines, however, proclaimed the liberty and independence of Hayti, in the year 1804. He, in his turn, fell, shot by his own people. Why? Simply because the Haytians were determined to be free, and they were determined that they would not submit to injustice, either from a white or a black man.

In regard to the statement that Hayti is retrograding, Mr. Bird said that, in his judgment, even if the people had gone back to savageism, that would not be retrograding, as compared with their former condition as slaves. The savage was a man, a noble being, having even some majestic traits in his character; but the slave is a mere thing, the mere living goods and chattels of another. But it was not true that Hayti had retrograded. It was to be remembered that after they had driven out the thirty thousand soldiers sent to the island by Napoleon, they had yet to live under arms, for France still had its eye upon them. The whole nation was one vast military camp, but they had resolved never again to submit to the yoke of slavery. If the course of this people was narrowly watched, it would be seen that, notwithstanding they were necessarily a military people, and living under military discipline, they had gradually organized their civil institutions and their systems of jurisprudence, and took the forms of civilization; and all this with France eagerly watching for the moment to seize upon the island as her prey. Hayti had not retrograded. Her various constitutions, her codes of law, were proof of both [illegible] and moral stamina in her people, to an extraordinary degree. It was true that the people of Hayti had not prospered with that rapidity that their friends could have wished, but the matter was to be looked at in the light of reason and common sense.

He had been asked a great many times since he came to this country—"Do you really think that those Haytians are men of capacity—that they are capable of governing themselves?" This question, after twenty years of experience among that people, had perfectly astonished him. If any one wished to know what the intellectual character and capacity of the Haytian people were, let him read their laws and constitutions, go into their courts of law, and hear black men reasoning upon questions of law and jurisprudence, developing the principles of right and exposing the wrong—reasoning with power, energy, ability, intelligence, eloquence. Let him look at their system of commerce, at their government despatches, at their intercourse with England, France, and with all the world, and he would find what the intellectual character of the Haytian is. It would be found that he is a sound grammarian, that he is capable of becoming as able a mathematician as anybody else, that he is as capable of becoming a correct and thorough historian as anybody else. Those who wished to know anything about the intellectual character of the black man of that land should simply take the trouble to inform themselves of the plain, straight-forward, every-day facts that are seen there in the general movements of life, just precisely as everywhere else. "My conclusion is," said Mr. Bird, "formed upon twenty years' experience, and upon close observation and inspection, that the Haytian is like other people. I find him to be no better; I do not find him any worse. I find him to be the same wicked sinner that we all are; capable of all that education and all that Christianity can do for him. I am perfectly and entirely satisfied with regard to these matters."

Mr. Bird then spoke of the many revolutions which had occurred in the island, which are sometimes referred to as evidence that the people do not possess the capacity to govern. He reviewed the history of the several revolutions, and showed that they proved, not an incapacity to govern, but a determination, on the part of the Haytians, that the nation should progress in dignity, prosperity and intelligence, and a resolution to overthrow every government that hindered such progress. In reference to the Empire under Soulouque, Mr. B. said he wished it well understood that this form of government was not, and never had been, in harmony with the feelings of the educated portion of the people of Hayti. Soulouque, having risen in power in consequence of domestic quarrels, feeling himself supported by thirty thousand bayonets, thought he could do what he pleased; and in fact played a great many fantastic tricks, and acted very foolishly and ridiculously. The result was that the people, when they found he was not carrying out their plans, overthrew Soulouque, capsized his empire, broke his crown to pieces, and sent him about his business (laughter and applause).

Hayti, said Mr. B., has plenty of intelligence; Hayti has great and noble minds; Hayti thirsts for knowledge; Hayti longs to move on in the path of progress with the human race. But, after all, something has been wanting in Hayti; this must be admitted. Now, my friends, I am in the habit of viewing man as a moral as well as an intellectual being. I believe that man has moral as well as intellectual capacities; and I have long been convinced that whatever may be the degree of intelligence that men may possess, however broad the grasp of their minds, however capable of following the stars in their courses or unfolding the secret laws of nature, still, there must be the moral ballast; there must be with all this a knowledge of those eternal laws and principles of right which emanate from the great fountain of all righteousness and truth; and I do not hesitate to say, that, however great the intelligence, however well-developed the mind and the intellect, if there be not that moral compass, the ship will go adrift; immortal man will be like the planet that has lost its centre, and will be in danger of flinging himself into moral perdition. I am under the conviction that in this will be found the secret of all that we have to regret in Hayti. No want of mind there; no want of intelligence there; no want of capable men there; but there is a want of moral principle, a want of moral truth. Nor need any one be surprised at this. The condition of the slaves is to be remembered—believers in fetichism, and all the other superstitions peculiar to their forefathers. Then, again, remember that there is nothing in Popery that tends to sanctify the nobler faculties of the human mind and heart. I would here say that the people of Hayti have never recognized the power of the Pope; they have always considered the power of the Court of Rome as inimical to and incompatible with their national liberty; therefore they have never recognized the authority of the Court of Rome, nor have they ever allowed a Bishop of that Church to reside in their capital. The natural consequence has been that whatever of purity, whatever of good may belong to the Church of Rome has been excluded from Hayti. Therefore, let no one be scandalized when I express myself as I have done in this matter. Let it be remembered, also, that the same principles which prevailed in France, when they trampled upon Christianity, and set up for their idol the Goddess of Liberty, found their way to Hayti, and this will explain at once the absence of moral training, moral principle and moral discipline, in the country of which I am speaking.

My friends, let us not wonder that there should be confusion, that there should be unhappiness, where this moral salt is wanting. This has been the misfortune of Hayti; and, therefore, the cure is in genuine, sound, moral, enlightened, sanctifying Christian piety, well understood; the fear of God, the remembrance that Infinity is always present; the remembrance that there is an Infinite Being who surrounds us in all our movements, and who is perfectly conversant with all our thoughts, and with all our intentions. There must be a sense of his presence to guide us aright through the darkness of this world; and I do not wonder that a nation, a community, or a family, should fall into chaos where these great, eternal principles are not recognized and obeyed. This, therefore, is my explanation of the unhappiness and misfortunes of Hayti. But I leave this whole matter, and come now to a word on the subject of religious liberty.

I am very thankful and very happy to say that religious liberty is perfectly and entirely recognized by the Haytian people. Perhaps a better illustration of this cannot be mentioned than the simple fact that I have myself preached in almost every street of the city of Port-au-Prince, in the open air. Probably there is not another Roman Catholic country in the world where I should have been tolerated in such a proceeding. So in regard to interments. There is no distinction in Hayti, as in most other Roman Catholic countries; the grave-yard is open, without distinction, to Protestants as well as Catholics.

Now, sir, allow me to make one or two remarks in regard to our schools in that country. I am happy to say that a prosperous school is connected with each of our mission stations. There is one remarkable fact in connection with these schools, and that is that the children coming to them are the children of Roman Catholic parents. I mention this as proof of the liberality of feeling and sentiment that prevails throughout the country. Having established several schools for boys in that country, I am now anxious to establish girls' schools. I need not say anything to you in regard to the unspeakable importance of female education. I should like to do something for the girls of Hayti. Alas! my friends, if I were to draw aside the curtain, and expose to you at one view the state and condition of the women of Hayti, I know that you would weep at the sight. I therefore take this opportunity to solicit and implore your sympathies in this undertaking. I am sure that you feel its vast importance to the interests of that truly interesting and deserving people; and if there should be in this assembly any heart that is disposed to sympathize in this important undertaking, I know that such a heart will find a way to manifest its liberality and its generosity, before I leave these shores.

Friends, allow me to encourage you. Go on! Proclaim the everlasting truths of liberty and of righteousness. The law of God proclaims them. Never cease to labor for them. Your noble American institutions are all anti-slavery, *necessarily* anti-slavery. They cannot live with slavery, and slavery must die from its contact with them. Go on, therefore. Arm yourselves with courage, and be bold in behalf of the everlasting truth. Preach the gospel of Washington, and the gospel of your own institutions, in this important matter, and never cease until every son of Adam shall be free (applause).

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS, ESQ.

MR. CHAIRMAN: I have listened, with a great deal of interest, to the experience and testimony of the friend who has just occupied this place in regard to St. Domingo. I do not think that there can be a more important chapter of history to the Abolitionist than that which relates to the independence of St. Domingo. We are accustomed to let the pro-slavery press have its own way in regard to the history of that island, whereas it is the very best and clearest and most unexceptionable chapter in the history of the black race—perfect as poetry. There is not a single fact nor incident which the lover of the negro would care to erase from the record. I want to dwell upon it a single moment. People imagine that, at the time of what are called "the horrors of St. Domingo"—the original revolt—the slaves rose, in blood and in fire, with nothing but revenge in their hearts; down-trodden like the worm, they rose tigers, to bathe their hands in the blood of their masters; whereas the whole story of the insurrection, at its commencement, is the finest chapter in the history of the race. The slaves never thought of resistance. Docile, kind-hearted, trodden in the earth, driven almost to despair, they let the contest between the white and the mulatto go on in the upper air, until men imagined they had become indifferent to liberty; that they were besotted; that they lacked the intelligent courage of the white race, and appreciation of liberty. Oh, no! This continued just long enough to show the sweetness of their blood, the absence of revenge, the absence of malignity; and then, at the first fitting moment, it vanished. It was thus: The slaves, as I have said, never thought of rising. The royal party in France, anxious to get a foothold in the island, when the king's head had been taken off in Paris, sent their agent to create a revolution in favor of the king, and, finding all others silent or indifferent, sent their emissaries among the slaves. Charles the Tenth—then the Count d'Artois—sent his. The Royal Governor, Blanchlande, sent his. Royalists among the planters went in person. The slaves listened to the political motive. They loved the King. Every link that had been lifted from the heavy chain of slavery on their necks had been lifted by a Bourbon. They were grateful for the historic memory, and they rushed to the field in the name of the King. When they stood there in arms, men—recognized as such by the intrigues of parties—then, for the first time, Toussaint, concealed behind the scenes, said to the wire-pullers, "Gentlemen, we are here in your behalf. We seemed besotted, but we knew our rights. We will stand for the throne to-day, but only on condition that you stand for liberty to-morrow, and that you give us the pledge." When victory perched upon the royal banners, they forgot the pledge. But the black man never forgot it; he took up both parties, one in the right, the other in the left hand of his physical supremacy, and dashed them to pieces, shouting Liberty and Manhood as the motto of the new order of things; and from that hour to this, he has held the island as his own. I assert that in the whole history of civil life, there is not a more skilful, braver, more bloodless, nor more successful effort, on the part of an uneducated, unarmed populace to take the government by the throat, strangle it, and place themselves at the head of affairs. That was seventy years ago. The revolution was bloodless. The slave said, "I take my own; go your way!" He never took life nor blood. Deserving of memory!

When Napoleon tried to put the yoke upon his neck a second time; when the lion, in his "pride of place" upon the throne of the island, met the French eagle, then, indeed, fighting with the energy of despair, and on the forlorn hope, the black man showed the courage of the Roman or the Greek, and utterly annihilated the sixty thousand French soldiers that Napoleon sent against him! (Applause.) That was the first test—courage.

The second great test of blood is the capacity to govern a State. My friend (Mr. Bird) alluded to schools and churches and morality—all excellent tests; but the great general test of blood is the capacity to govern and maintain a State. Now, Mexico has tumbled over and over a dozen times in seventy years. Brazil, Chili, Peru, Guatemala, all the Spanish colonies, are [illegible] everlastingly turning summersets; History has not pens enough to record the names of their Governors. To write the History of the Spanish colonies would take lightning (laughter). It is like the story of the man in West Bridgwater who said that another man's wife lied. The husband of the woman came to him, and said, "You say my wife does not tell the truth; I want you to take it back." "Now," said the other, "tell me, doesn't your wife talk faster than lightning?" "Yes; but what has that to do with it?" "Well, I maintain there is not truth enough in the world for her to speak it all the time, fast as she talks" (loud laughter and applause). So, in regard to the history of the Spanish colonies, you must have a historian as fast as that woman's tongue to keep up with their changes. But they are of Spanish blood; the proudest and, in some senses, the most noble in the world; but they are not capable of government. Here are these uneducated negroes, with no sympathy from Europe, with no dollar of capital, their soil burned over—as if Massachusetts were floated back to where the Puritans found it in 1630—they have put their feet on the untrodden and unredeemed soil of Hayti, and said to the world, "This is ours," and held their own for seventy years. If that does not prove capacity for self-government, the highest test of the capacity of a race, then I do not know where it is to be found. I wanted to say so much, because I count St. Domingo a very jewel of anti-slavery testimony and evidence. I do not care what Mr. Redpath finds there in regard to morals and education. I know that the black man has conquered that island, and has held it against all races and all arms; that is enough for me to prove his capacity.

But I want to speak of Massachusetts. A year or two ago, I remember making a speech here, in which I referred to the removal of Judge Loring. Some Abolitionists thought it was not judicious, because to remove a judge rendered the tenure of the judicial office uncertain. The Republican friends, I remember, who stood around the outskirts of the meeting, were especially anxious that Massachusetts should not injure the sacredness of the judicial office. I want to console those Abolitionists, and those Republicans, especially, who thought that Anti-Slavery was going too far, by a fact which has taken place this year. Governor Banks and the Republicans, exceedingly jealous in regard to the sacredness of the judicial office, delicate and tender footed about interfering with Judge Loring, wished lately to unseat twelve judges; but, very anxious to preserve the solemn hoariness of the judicial office, they did not attack the Common Pleas Court and remove the judges—oh, no; they took the bench and cut it off on both sides, and the judges fell! (Laughter and applause.) There was not a man in the Commonwealth, there was not a newspaper, there was not a voice in the Legislature, to say a word about the sacredness of the judicial office. Do not cut the judge off, but cut up the bench, and the judicial office is as sacred as ever, only the judges come plump down to the ground. Thank God for it! We will cut up the whole bench of the Supreme Court, and let them down. It is a new way. In Ohio, the Supreme Court would not release the Oberlin heroes. I am glad we in Massachusetts have set the people of Ohio an example. Just cut off the limb, and the man will come down who is on top of it. I want you to remember this precedent; this "new way of paying old debts." Keep it in mind. The very fortress of the Anti-Slavery movement is the judiciary. The battle is to be fought in the jury box. The States are to be redeemed by the judges. Through that Gibraltar we must take Massachusetts out of the Union. When we propose it, my Republican friend, don't throw in our teeth the interference with the sacredness and independence of the functions of a judge. Remember the Superior Court! Remember the twelve judges who woke up and found they no longer had a bench! (Applause.) The Legislature have got out a new patent. It is called "The Great Republican Panacea; or, Sherman's Poor Man's Plaster for Diseased Constitutions" (shouts of laughter and prolonged applause).

It is very necessary. Here is Mr. Winthrop. He has been writing a letter to Mr. Ketchum, of New York, and he says he knows no reason in the world, none whatever, at the present moment, that calls for any discussion whatever on the subject of slavery! (Laughter.) "I see nothing that calls for action or discussion, or that involves any conflict between the Northern and Southern States." He says that he has no dread about the revival of the slave trade; it is only in regard to its being made the "subject of angry and reproachful denunciation." That is, Mr. Winthrop has no objection, particularly, to a cargo of Africans sold in Savannah, but only to the *Liberator*, published in Boston; and he thinks, he indulges the hope, that he can get an administration on those principles, although there be no Whig party in existence! Well, I should like to see it! He has just waked up, finds himself in Massachusetts; and having a very full-length view of the iron statue of Webster, he does not see anything else (laughter and applause). I remember, when I went into Rome, the postillion in front of me, bobbing up in his seat, his little hat hid the dome of St. Peter's. So it is with the ghost of the Whig party, which, bobbing up and down in front of Mr. Winthrop, like that hat of the postillion—only his is empty, and mine had a head in it (great merriment)—entirely shuts out from him the great anti-slavery movement and purpose of twenty millions of the American people. Well, as he has not got out of the grave, we will not take him out. Leave him where he is. Our only business is to forget the existence of such fossil remains of an extinct civilization (applause). That is the product of Harvard College and the Whig party (laughter and cheers). I remember that in "Hood's Oddities" there is a picture of a spoiled child. The baby had been laid in an arm-chair, and there came in a man weighing about three hundred pounds, with the *London Times* in his hand, and he sat down upon it. When it was found to be dead, the coroner came and said that he would have an inquest. "I don't see why," says the mother; "it died a very natural death." Mr. Webster sat down upon Mr. Winthrop, and there he is! (Roars of laughter and applause.) He died a very natural death! I do not think it is worth while to hold an inquest on him (renewed merriment).

Mr. Phillips then proceeded to urge upon his hearers the importance of making all parties in the State, who pretend to any anti-slavery feeling, open their eyes to the question that now threatens the American people, namely, "How much of State sovereignty is there left?" Is there any law passed by the government of a Commonwealth that can be valid against the usurpation of the United States Courts? Their object was to make Massachusetts sacred ground; to attack the Constitution in its most undefended and indefensible position. He admitted that this was revolution—disunion in essence; and the reason why he advocated it was because it has a point upon which every man's mind was made up, and every man's heart supplies him logic. It was a question upon which no man had the indecency to differ. He wanted to take that as the battering-ram. Politics, so far as could be judged by the present state of the political sky, bade fair to be a failure in the next Presidential election. The "Two Years' Amendment," that made foreigners incapable of voting, was the rope upon which, with the spindle in his hand, the little boy of the distaff hung himself, seated in the Governor's chair of Massachusetts. "Thank God," said Mr. P., "for the field out of which that rope was grown and hackled!" (Loud applause.) Banks has no chance; Wilson, a much honester man, has no chance. Perhaps Douglas, perhaps Pierce will be the next President. Massachusetts, like an ill-behaved school-boy, has been sent from the head of the class down to the bottom, and she must work herself up again into respectability on the Republican record. He was willing she should be there and stay there; for, after all, the record of Republican successes was only the record of successful compromisers and hucksters. When next she went to the head of the class, he hoped she would go with disunion floating at her mast head, and, outside of the Union, making her mark on the mind of the people of twenty States.

In this connection, Mr. Phillips spoke, in an exceedingly glowing and eloquent strain, of the position of Massachusetts, and New England generally, as emphatically the brain of the Union. It is a glorious country, said he, that God has given us, fit in every respect but one to look up, on this holiday of the Union, and seem worthy of the sun and the sky that look down upon us; for it is the people taking possession, by right, by inheritance, by worth, of the wealth, the culture, the happiness, and the achievements of the age. Show me such another! In the rotten, shiftless, poor, decrepid, bankrupt South, can you find the material that can erect a barrier against the onward and outward pressure of such a people as ours? Yes—when the dream of the girl dams up the Niagara, when the bulrush says to the Mississippi, "Stop!" then will Carolina or Mississippi say to the potency of New England, with her three million educated, earnest, governing hearts—say to her, in the tone of this worn-out, effete, rotten whiggery of Harvard College, "Stop here!" (Great enthusiasm.) Why, by the vigor of such a civilization as ours, we shall take the State of Mississippi by the nape of its neck, and shake every decrepid white man out of it, and give it into the hands of the slave that now tills it, and make America to represent the ideal to which our fathers consecrated it. Be worthy of this day! Create a sympathy among these toiling millions for liberty. What is it that makes us powerless? It is that your Church teaches us to look down on the black [illegible]; it is that your Church teaches us, with this letter of Winthrop, that we [illegible] duty outside the narrow circle of Massachusetts law. Here, under the [illegible] of New England, we teach the doctrine, that wherever you find a man down-trodden, he is your brother; wherever you find an unjust law, you are bound to be its enemy; that Massachusetts was planted as the furnace of perpetual insurrection against tyrants, (loud applause); that this is a bastard who has stolen the name of the Winthrops (tremendous cheering)—been foisted into the cradle while his mother was out (loud laughter and applause); that the true blood of the Bradfords, the Carvers, the Endicotts and the Winthrops crops out in some fanatical Abolitionist, whom the Church disowns, whom the State tramples under foot, but who will yet remodel both, by the potency of that truth which the elder Winthrop gave into our hands, and which we hold to-day as an example for the nation (prolonged applause). This is my speech for the Fourth of July (A VOICE—"A very good one"—to which all the people responded "Amen," in their hearts, at least).

The meeting then adjourned for one hour, to give the company time to make a thorough investigation into the contents of sundry and several baskets, of all sizes, which had been watched with lynx-eyed vigilance all the morning, the result of which appeared to be perfectly satisfactory to the respective "prospectors."

AFTERNOON SESSION.—At quarter past two o'clock, the meeting was again called to order, and a hymn, written by James H. Dean, was sung by the assembly.

SPEECH OF WILLIAM WELLS BROWN.

The first speaker of the afternoon was WILLIAM WELLS BROWN, who commenced by reading the following advertisement, which he said was taken from the Winchester (Tenn.) *Journal:*

> "SALE OF NEGROES.—By consent of parties, I will, on the Fourth of July next [to-day], sell at the court house door in the town of Winchester, for cash, the following slaves: Ella, about 15; Freddy, about 11; Joan, a girl, about 8; David, about 6; Ben, about 4; Charles, about 2; Eda, about 33, and her infant child; Judah, about 4, and her only daughter. Together with a top buggy, and several wagons and horses."

This advertisement, said Mr. Brown, is a very correct illustration of the idea the Southern people have of liberty. A woman and her children, herded with horses and wagons, and brought up, on the national birth-day, to be sold to the highest bidder! Look at that, and compare it with that portion of the Declaration of Independence which declares, "We hold these truths to be *self-evident: that all men are created equal;* that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are *life,* LIBERTY *and the pursuit of happiness.*" I think that this assembly, in turning its back upon the pomp and show of Boston and Worcester, and other places, have shown their appreciation of the right of man to his liberty, and that feeling which must animate the heart of every lover of justice in our land.

Mr. Brown said that at the South the great fete days were regarded as specially adapted to the sale of slaves, and used for that purpose to a great extent, because the people, on those days, gathered at some central spot, and the traffickers in human flesh found a larger market for their chattels. He held this to be a fitter illustration of the practical workings of this government, so far as human rights were concerned, than any other illustration that would be presented in the Free States on that day, and it was a fair illustration of the ideas of the slavocracy of the country in the Southern States.

Slavery, said Mr. B., is a great crime; and to-day the Abolitionists ought to ring this fact in the ears of the people wherever they can. When the people are thinking and talking about liberty is the most appropriate time to bring up the question of slavery; when the people are looking back to the time when the great struggle for American liberty was about to be fought is the time to make an impression. When Pisistratus, I think it was, desired to obtain power in Athens, he went about duping the people, and promising them liberty if they would only put him in power. Solon, an abler and better statesman than himself, warned the people against his sophistry, but they did not heed his warning, and placed Pisistratus in power. Having attained the object of his ambition, he oppressed the people, and they went to Solon, and asked him if he would assist in removing the tyrant from among them. He replied, "I warned you years ago, but now it is too late. I warned you when this tree was in its germ, but now it has grown into a mighty tree, and must be plucked up by the roots: that is the only savior for the people." So it is with slavery. A few warned the people, years ago, long before this monster was fastened upon the nation as it is to-day, but they would not take heed. Now, we find it interwoven into all the ramifications of government and society. Wherever we look we find slavery represented. The only hope for the nation now is in pulling the tree up by the roots; in striking at the foundation, and laboring there until this foul system is overthrown and annihilated.

Mr. Brown then referred to the fact that the fourth of July was dreaded more than almost any other day of the year by the slaves, because it was the great day of sale in the Southern States. Many a husband and wife lay last night, and dreaded the firing of the cannons and the ringing of the bells this morning, because they were the signals for their separation from each other, and from their children. The slave dreaded the fourth of July as he dreaded the first of January, which was the day when the slaves were hired out. This, then, was the day to speak upon the subject of slavery; and he rejoiced that so many had felt called upon to meet with them on that occasion. He thought these meetings did a great work, and were, perhaps, the most important meetings held during the year, because they were a protest against the nonsense and hypocrisy exhibited in other places, and it was by such means that they were to deepen the impression upon the hearts of the people, and bring about a change in public opinion that should eventually strike the chains from the limbs of their enslaved countrymen in the Southern States.

In conclusion, Mr. Brown expressed his faith in the future, his confidence that the anti-slavery movement was progressing, and that the day of the slave's deliverance was drawing near. He believed that the day was near at hand when they would realize what is written in the Declaration of Independence, that all men are indeed free. He stated that a new organization had just been started in England, with their noble friend, GEORGE THOMPSON (applause), at its head, to coöperate with the American Abolitionists, and he [illegible] receive the sympathy and coöperation of the friends of freedom in Europe to a greater extent than ever before. Let us, then, said Mr. B., not be weary in the good work, but labor on, resolved to do all that we may for the emancipation of our countrymen in chains. I feel that the slave to-day, in all parts of the Southern States, if he could only see this gathering, would look up to God and thank Him that the hearts of the Abolitionists beat so warmly in behalf of freedom. Then let us go on, and thank God that we have such a day for holding our meeting, that so many have come together, and that we all feel, as I know all must feel, that the fire of freedom ought to be made to burn brighter and brighter upon our heart's altar, until the last chain shall fall from the limbs of the last slave upon the American Continent (applause).

SAMUEL MAY, Jr., then made a brief but earnest appeal for funds in aid of the cause, and stated that the Finance Committee would now enter upon the performance of their duty.

SPEECH OF EDMUND QUINCY, ESQ.

EDMUND QUINCY, Esq., of Dedham, was the next speaker. He said: As my friend Mr. Brown was reading the advertisement which made the text of his speech, one sentence struck me, on which I supposed he was going to comment, but to which, as he has passed it by, I will take the liberty of calling your attention. I refer to the clause which states that this sale, which is, perhaps—making due allowance for the difference of time—at this moment taking place in a Southern State, will be made "by consent of parties." What parties gave their consent to that sale? Did the slaves consent to be placed like beasts in the market place, and sold by public outcry to the highest bidder? Of course, you know that the "parties" were certain white men or white women, who had some litigation about these slaves, and whose rights in their bodies and souls were in question, and they agreed that these fellow-creatures of theirs and ours should be sold under the hammer of the auctioneer, and the proceeds divided among themselves, or left at the disposition of the Court.

I did not know, until Mr. Brown informed us, that the Fourth of July is the great day for the sale of slaves in the South; but it is a most pregnant fact, and one that we should all remember, and publish from one end of the world to the other. The great market-day for slaves is the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence! Good heavens, Mr. President, could there be such a commentary as that upon our institutions! Could there be such a gloss on such a text as that! And yet we all know it is just what it should be. What other day should be the high market-day for slaves? What have the vaporing orators who have been tickling the ears of the American people, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the St. Lawrence to the Sabine, or whatever makes the other boundary of the United States—what is it that they have been telling this people was their great duty, in order to prove that they were indeed worthy of this great bequest of liberty they had received from their fathers? It is, as you of course know, that they should "preserve the Union"—that they should maintain inviolate their loyalty to the Constitution. And what do they mean by that? We all know that they mean that we should be as silent as that degenerate Winthrop tells us to be in regard to the wrongs of the slave at the South, and that we should be at all times ready, when duly called upon, to catch, keep and restore to his master the slave who has escaped from him unto us. Why should not the fourth of July be the high market-day for slaves throughout the South? It is but the fit expression of the condition of the general heart, of the governing heart, so to speak, of this country.

I do not think, sir, that the old signers dreamed of this thing. I do not think that, when old John Adams said that this day would be welcomed by the ringing of bells, the pealing of cannon, and the shouts of rejoicing multitudes, this idea entered into his mind as one of the elements of his proposition. I do not believe that he wished the cannon to peal, the bells to resound, and the shouts of men to go up, because this was to be the day when more slaves were to be sold under the hammer than any other; and yet, such has been the inevitable sequence, the logical necessity of the state of things which they left—not on the fourth of July, indeed, but in 1787, in the next step of the Revolution, when the people came together to knit up the ravelled sleeve of their political institutions, and to make out of it a girdle which was to bind together the sovereign States into a common empire. They listened to the temptation of the devil who then solicited their ear. They listened to the devil of compromise, and they consented that slavery should enter into the elements of their Constitution. If the men of the North had had the virtue and firmness to say to the South, "We will form no Union with any State in which all the inhabitants are not as free as we are ourselves," there would have been a conflict, not of arms—I think that would have been impossible—but there would have been a conflict of opinion, which could have had no other end than the emancipation of the slaves of the South. But they let that golden moment pass. They took the little egg of slavery into their bosom, hoping that the serpent which it produced would die a natural death; as if that were the normal way in which natural history operates! But, instead of dying a natural death, it has grown up into a dragon, which now threatens to devour their children, and all their rights.

We give all honor to the fathers for their revolution. Great was the price which they paid for that freedom which they believed we should inherit; but we cannot forget that they also gave us the Constitution of the United States, in which those slave clauses have grown up into a tyranny which enmeshes us, and threatens to crush us. What has the United States government done for us? By the rulings of the Supreme Court, and by the laws of Congress, it has virtually repealed the habeas corpus, the trial by jury, the right of man to be tried by his peers, and all those old rights of Britons, to maintain which the Revolution was mainly fought.

Now, sir, you and I, I believe, agree as to the remedy for this. We believe there is only one thing that can entirely cure all these evils, and that is a revolution which shall overthrow the existing Constitution of the United States, or which shall sunder the tie which binds the Northern States to the Southern, the slave to the free, the living to the dead. But, sir, there are things, as Mr. Phillips has told us, which we can begin to do here. Freedom's battle can be begun to be fought in all the distant provinces of the empire. It is not necessary that we should meet in common conflict at Washington, or anywhere upon the frontier. Slavery has entrenched itself here. Slavery has set up its fortresses and its fastnesses in all the free States, and those fortresses we can storm, those fortifications we can carry; we can spike those guns; we can declare our own independence. Why, sir, we almost did it last year; and if we had not had a Presidential baby at nurse, we should have done it (laughter and applause). If we had not been obliged to take care of ourselves, to tread, as it were, upon eggs, lest we should, peradventure, damage Mr. Banks's chances for the Presidency—which, thank God, are now utterly annihilated (applause)—if it had not been for that, we should have had a Personal Liberty bill which would have rendered the execution of the Fugitive Slave law and the recapture of slaves in this State impossible. We were not very far from it in New York, and we came within sight of it in Maine and New Hampshire. In two States the work has been really begun. In one, by the decision of the courts, and in the other by the legislative expression of the sovereign will of the people, the Fugitive Slave law is annihilated. No slave, if the will of the people and the law of the land are executed, can ever be taken from Wisconsin or Vermont. And what a glorious opportunity had Ohio just now to do the same thing! The Republican party, which now holds the political destinies of that State in its hands, might, in the constitutional exercise of their power, by the election of such judges as would represent the mind of the people, have repealed, annihilated, nullified (it is a good word)—*nullified* those

atrocious laws of the United States Congress. And why was it not done? Because they have there a political huckster, who hopes to carry his principles to the Presidential market next spring. I thank God that his chances are quite as desperate as those of our present Governor. Yet, lest, peradventure, the chances of Salmon P. Chase might be hindered in the Republican Convention of 1860, a judge known to hold the pro-slavery opinions of a majority of the court (Judge Swan) was elected.

Well, Mr. President, this is not going to last forever. We shall have a Personal Liberty bill here in Massachusetts; they will have one in Ohio, in New York, and in other States; and I hope to live to see the time—and that, too, without living to be an octogenarian, like my father—when, if a United States judge dares to disobey the law of Massachusetts, he will be taken from the bench and set to honest work in the penitentiary, and the United States defied to take him out (loud cheers). Then, I tell you, Mr. President, the revolution will have begun to come to its conclusion. It was begun away back in the ages. It was begun by Wickliffe, it was begun by Zwingle, it was begun by Huss, by Jerome of Prague, by all those reformers who assailed the power of Rome, and so down to Puritanism, when it was wafted to these shores in the Mayflower. The field was planted and reaped by the sword of the revolution, but the harvest was not gathered in. That work was left for us. It is very true, as has already been said, that this day belongs to us. We Abolitionists are the only men who have a right to celebrate the fourth of July, for we are the men who stand in the place of the fathers, and are engaged in finishing the work which they began. And if we do our duty in this State, and if the anti-slavery people of other States will do their duty in those States, they can deal a blow to slavery, of which, though it may linger for awhile, it must at last die (loud applause).

Mr. John Beeson next presented the claims of the Indians to the sympathy of the audience. He spoke of the gross wrongs and outrages to which they were subjected by the whites, who stole their children and sold them as slaves, and attributed their own atrocious crimes to the red men, to influence the prejudice against them. He thought the Abolitionists would never succeed in the accomplishment of their object of freeing the blacks until the wrongs of the Indians were redressed. That was the root at which he believed they should strike. The Indians had many noble traits of character, one of which was their determination never to be slaves. The speaker said the Indians did not want missionaries nor creeds, but homes, protection, sympathy, and to be acknowledged as men. The whites had preached to them, not "glad tidings of great joy," but bad tidings of great misery. When we send them "glad tidings of great joy," they will become Christians at once. Mr. Beeson said a Society had now been organized for the purpose of rendering effective aid to the Indians of the country, and he asked for this Society the sympathy and coöperation of the friends of humanity everywhere.

The President then introduced Andrew T. Foss, remarking that, some years ago, he invited Mr. Foss to speak for him one Sunday at Worcester, and, as he walked with him through the street, he (Mr. F.) having on a full canonical suit, the people whom they met regarded him with some suspicion, as if he had stolen his companion They mistook him for an Episcopal Bishop (laughter). He had been round among the Abolitionists since then, and they had got him whitened out somewhat—more into the color of innocence (renewed laughter).

SPEECH OF ANDREW T. FOSS.

It takes a long time to live down a bad reputation (laughter and cheers). I am sorry to hear that I was ever so small a man as to be mistaken for a Bishop (more laughter and applause).

Mr. Foss said, in reference to the appeal that had been made for the Indians, that, in his judgment, the greatest wrong that the whites had ever inflicted upon the Indians was in making them slaveholders. This was a wrong more to be deplored than taking away his lands, murdering his children, or whatever other wrongs had been committed against them. He appreciated the motives of the gentleman who had spoken for them, and felt for them, but he could not forget that he could not deliver an anti-slavery speech among the Choctaw or Cherokee Indians to-day, except at the risk of his life.

Mr. F. then proceeded to speak of the efforts to secure the passage of Personal Liberty bills in the Northern States, which he said he did not regard as the main work of the Abolitionists, but a work needful to be done, and one which, if accomplished, would be of great advantage to the cause of anti-slavery. He gave an account of the manner in which a bill of this character was received in the New Hampshire Legislature at its recent session, and the causes which led to its defeat. On ordering the bill to its third reading, the votes stood 124 in favor, 101 in opposition; but during the time which intervened before it could be put upon its passage, the politicians were busy among the members, telling them it would not do to pass this bill, and that it must be indefinitely postponed. In consequence of this, when it came up the next day, only seventeen members had the courage to stand up in favor of its passage. Nevertheless, the people of New Hampshire wanted this law, and they would have it, and it was not in the power of the party leaders to prevent this result. He did not agree with Henry Wilson that the leaders were ahead of the people. He believed that now, as in ancient times, they "make them to err."

As an indication of the popular feeling in this matter, the speaker stated that he had the pleasure of lecturing in the town of Westport, the other day, where, last year, only two names were obtained to a petition for a Personal Liberty bill. After his lecture, the petition was presented, and over seventy signers obtained. Marvellous to tell, all four of the ministers signed it! (Applause.) He was most hopeful in regard to this movement, and believed we should have such a law, and the slave made secure on our soil, if the friends of the cause would only labor earnestly to that end. It was sometimes said that the Abolitionists were an extravagant people; but it was not so; they were a very moderate people. They only asked for justice; they only asked for that which it would ennoble the State to grant. They asked Massachusetts to take no stand that would not be to her credit, and give her an immortality of fame (applause).

The President then said that he wished to introduce to the audience a conductor on the Underground Railroad, who, having first transformed herself from a chattel into a human being, had since transformed sixty other chattels into other human beings, by her own personal efforts. It was rather hard to introduce her. She came here from a place in the slave States; she came by land, and had been here a reasonable time (laughter). At the South she was called "Moses," after an ancient leader, who took men and women into the promised land (applause).

"Moses," the deliverer, then stood up before the audience, who greeted her with enthusiastic cheers. She spoke briefly, telling the story of her sufferings as a slave, her escape, and her achievements on the Underground Railroad, in a style of quaint simplicity, which excited the most profound interest in her hearers. The mere words could do no justice to the speaker, and therefore we do not undertake to give them; but we advise all our readers to take the earliest opportunity to see and hear her.

Mr. Higginson stated that this brave woman had never asked for a cent from the Abolitionists, but that all her operations had been conducted at her own cost, with money earned by herself. Now, however, having brought her father and mother out of slavery, she found that the labor required for their support rendered her incapable of doing anything in the way of business, and she therefore desired to raise a few hundred dollars to enable her to buy a little place where her father and mother could support themselves, and enable her to resume the practice of her profession! (Laughter and applause.)

A collection was taken in her behalf, amounting to thirty-seven dollars, for which, at the conclusion of the meeting, in a few earnest and touching words, she spoke her thanks.

George W. Stacy, of Milford, then addressed the audience. He referred particularly to the false and hollow declarations which were everywhere made in the land, that ours was a free and enlightened country, and spoke with severity of the countenance which was given to these falsehoods by the clergy. Their conduct reminded him of the story of the old lady who, when some one asked her what she thought of total depravity, replied, "I think it is a very good doctrine, if people only lived up to it" (laughter). He certainly thought these men came as near "living up to it" as any class of people in the world.

Mr. Stacy said he could not feel so hopeful in regard to the future as Mr. Brown did. He saw no signs of encouragement either in politics or in the Church. Speaking of the shame and disgrace of slavery, Mr. S. related an anecdote told by Philip S. White, the well-known temperance lecturer. Mr. White, while travelling in Europe, on one occasion was sitting at the table of a hotel where were representatives of several European nations—Italians, Frenchmen, Germans, and others—and it was proposed that each one should say something in praise of his country. When his turn came, Mr. White launched out into the usual pompous strain of glorification of this country as "the land of the free and the home of the brave." When he got through, a very insignificant looking Frenchman, who sat by his side, said to him, "Mr. White, is South Carolina in your country?" "Yes," he replied. "Well, just listen!"—and the Frenchman read an advertisement of a runaway slave, from a South Carolina paper, described as nearly white, and having sundry scars upon his body, and in conclusion exclaimed, "Good God, Mr. White, is that your country?" "Oh," said Mr. White, on telling the story, "if I could have sunk out of sight, I would have given the world."

Mr. Stacy then spoke, with deep feeling, of the importance of preserving their children from contamination in the midst of the prevailing hypocrisy and wickedness, and from being led away by those who sought to instil into their youthful minds a belief in the lies which they themselves utter. In this connection, he referred to a celebration that day in Milford, and quoted the two following verses from hymns which had been prepared for the children to sing on the occasion:

"From the pine of the North to the Southern savannah,
From these dark sounding shores to the bright Western tide,
How glorious the sweep of the star-spangled banner!
How vast thy dominion, O land of our pride!
That freedom the fathers from heaven receiving,
Preserved unpolluted by Tyranny's breath,
And bequeathed to their children the birthright, believing
It hallowed the morn by their lives and their death."

Their work was to secure their children from the influence of these men. No matter what sanctimonious faces they put on, we know that they are the children of the devil, for his works they do. "I speak with feeling on this point," said Mr. S., "because I see that our great labor is perverted in this way. We are soon to go. The tell-tale hairs upon our heads show that our work is nearly done—who are to follow us?"

Mr. Stacy concluded with an earnest appeal to his hearers to redeem that day from the desecration to which it was subjected by vaporing politicians and time-serving priests, and never to cease from their labors until the nation was brought to repentance, and Massachusetts stood up in the vanguard of freedom. Then would the angels come again upon the battlements of heaven, and sing, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good will to men!" (Loud applause.)

SPEECH OF C. L. REMOND.

Charles L. Remond next took the platform, and spoke very briefly. He said that Mr. Phillips had given them, in the letter of Mr. Winthrop to Mr. Ketchum, the product of Harvard University and the Whig party, and he wished to present the product of the Democratic party, in the form of a resolution which had been adopted at the recent Democratic Convention in Maine, which, referring to the "Two Years' Amendment" in Massachusetts, declares that this amendment is a denial to the foreigner of the rights which are granted to the black man in this country, inasmuch as the foreigner is compelled to wait two years before he is allowed to vote, while the black man could vote in one! Which of these parties was the meanest, the most illiberal, anti-democratic and anti-patriotic, it did not belong to him to say.

Mr. Remond, after referring to the tyranny and oppression to which white men, even, are subjected in the South, in the matter of freedom of speech, said—I want all those who come here to feel that they are here to speak in thunder-tones those truths which the pulpit and press dare not utter. God hasten the day when Massachusetts shall occupy that defiant attitude to which Mr. Phillips has alluded. If we shall accomplish nothing more than that, we shall have done a work of which we may well be proud (applause).

The following resolution, offered by G. W. Stacy, was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That, feeling the necessity of obtaining the passage of a Personal Liberty bill at the next session of the Legislature, we recommend an efficient organization in each town, that the latter may be laid before each school district, that all may have an opportunity to give their signatures to redeem Massachusetts, and place her on the side of universal freedom.

Speeches were also made by E. H. Heywood, of Hubbardston, and William C. Martyn, of Worcester, which we regret that want of room obliges us to omit, at least for this week.

Two hymns, appropriate to the occasion, were then sung, after which the President adjourned the meeting until the next Fourth of July, "unless slavery should be abolished in the meantime, in which case we shall meet sooner."

At quarter before 6, the cars left the Grove for Boston, Worcester, Milford and Marlboro', bearing "the great congregation" to their respective homes, which they all reached, we believe, without accident, and with, we doubt not, pleasant recollections of a day happily and profitably spent.

A NEW LAUGHING-STOCK.

Really the gods are good. If Pan is sometimes, as during the present season, a little niggardly, or red-eyed Mars unusually rampant, have we not always Momus with us, and reason to bless the sensitive divinities that banished him from Olympus? What an intolerably dull world this would be if all the fools were out of it! But we need not fear a failure of the succession, while the sunny section of this confederacy continues to produce such a crop of choice ones born to the motley. The last and finest fool who has wandered here is an ancient gentleman from New Orleans—a certain General Palfrey—who left Massachusetts half a century ago, and who came to Boston to celebrate the last Fourth of July. Had he but made his festive and anniversary visit about a year sooner, he might have eaten dinner at the Revere House with the Hon. Ben Hallett, and filled himself at that peripatetic and perennial fountain of patriotic dishwater. Had he even given notice of his intention of visiting Boston, different arrangements might have been made. Unfortunately, his guide took him to the Music Hall. Unfortunately, Mr. George Sumner was the Orator of the Day. Unfortunately, Mr. Sumner did not know that the New Orleans gentleman was in the house, and so missed the opportunity of gratifying a personage so illustrious. Unfortunately, Mr. Sumner, instead of spouting in a safe and general way, after the old fashion, discussed freely and earnestly the Dred Scott decision, and did not speak in very affectionate language of Mr. Chief-Justice Taney. To this, Gen. Palfrey was obliged to listen. His too officious friends had probably conducted him to a front seat, so that egress would have been difficult; and, pleased or displeased, he was compelled to stay. If Mr. George Sumner had been speaking in New Orleans, or even in Washington, the General might have silenced him by knocking him down; but such an experiment, however sweet, safe and effectual elsewhere, would have been a perilous one in Boston. So the martial veteran had to keep quiet. We do not understand why he did not go into convulsions. His escape from apoplexy appears to us little short of miraculous. But he did escape, and, the oration delivered, went down to Faneuil Hall, with a sour stomach and a feeble appetite, for his dinner. Here he masticated in grim wrath until somebody gave "Cotton Cloth," or "Cotton Culture," or "Cotton Gins," or "Cotton Hats," or "Cotton something," and the company called upon Gen. Palfrey to respond. He arose. He pulled out the plug—if we may use the expression—and deluged the company with molten lava. He relieved himself. "He thought," says the report, "that it was rather hard to be invited to a celebration for the purpose of hearing the laws of the United States trampled under foot." He considered Mr. Sumner's oration ill-timed, and "he was not afraid to say so." Of course, he was not afraid. He knew how perfectly safe he was in Boston. He knew that no tarpot was bubbling in the neighborhood. He knew that the company would keep their feathers to sleep on. He knew that no bludgeon would drum a retaliatory tattoo upon his reverberating cranium. He knew that no committee would wait upon him, and warn him to leave Boston within twelve hours. Of course he was not afraid.

But suppose that at a Fourth of July dinner in New Orleans, some ardent New Englander, having listened to a spicy and spasmodic attack upon his opinions, or to some concentrated sneer at the home of his love and honor, should dare to rise and to speak plainly in their vindication! Imagine the riot! Picture the excitement! Think how the shower of champagne glasses would thicken around his fated brows! What meetings would there be! What immovable and active committees! What thunderous resolutions! With what rapidity would he be hurried from the dinner table to the jail, and from the jail to the railway station! Nay, the unfortunate offender might fare worse. His house might be ransacked and his shop plundered; his family might be insulted, or might read in the morning papers that its head had been hung from a lamp-post, or that the pistol or the knife had done the work of the halter! O! it is all very well for some wandering patriarch, the owner of a score or two of black men, when he comes within our borders, to assert and to exercise freedom of speech, in a way which may make us very sick if it does not make us very savage! We must sit and quietly listen while some insane babbler blasphemes our religion, sneers at our policy, questions our patriotism, distorts our motives, and insults our common sense. It has not occurred thus far to these tindery folks that their blundering nonsense is possibly as disagreeable to us, especially upon the Fourth of July, as the plainest anti-slavery discourse could possibly be to them. That is because we do not have their own straight-forward, practical and unscrupulous method of protest. This is because, when we are insulted, we keep our tempers, and too often hold our tongues.

We suppose that this singular lack of common courtesy and cowardly fear of taking what they have such a will for giving, exhibited always when Southern men find the most insignificant occasion therefor, may be attributed to a certain brutality of intellect to be observed also in some of the lower forms of animal life. The old gentleman who made such a distressing show of himself in Faneuil Hall is not to be despised, for he is a human being. Foolish and weak as he is, he is still "a man and a brother." If Providence has not bestowed upon him the ordinary intelligence of humanity, or if his opportunities have been so limited that he cannot deport himself decorously at a civilized dinner-party, we should regard him as we do the inmates of a lunatic hospital, or of a school for feeble-minded youth. No moral law commands us not to laugh at him in our sleeves. And if such law existed, it would not be respected. But we will be contented with a quiet giggle. When a bull-dog has lost all his teeth, he may growl as deeply as he pleases. When he has not lost his teeth—when he can bite as well as snarl, and proposes to exercise the biting faculty upon our calves, it may not be amiss to brain him. But an ancient Tray, like Gen. Palfrey, should be privileged to go through the whole gamut of growls, and to vary the performance, if he pleases, by a solfeggio of snarls. And this view of the matter seems to have been that of the Faneuil Hall company. Gen. Palfrey was not angry enough to run away without finishing his dinner—he was too old a dog for that—so that, after the repast was over, and people were leaving the banquet-hall, a small sort of lawyer got upon his legs and "proposed a toast complimentary to the General." Then somebody called for the inevitable three cheers. Then some others shook the inevitable General by the hand, so that he went back to his tavern quite mollified, and reassured that there was still a little dough left in Boston. We think that herein the more sagacious spirits of the company pursued a judicious course. Had Gen. Palfrey ambled away in his wrath, nobody can tell how much the trade of Boston might have suffered. And if there was policy in these little attentions, there was also humanity. This native of Boston was spared the pain of feeling that flunkeyism had altogether died out in the city of his nativity; and he will return to his Crescent home to tell his neighbors that while the public men of New England are hopeless traitors, the gentlemen who eat the public dinners are not bad fellows to break bread with after all.—*Tribune.*

Central American Colonization.—The inhabitants of Buffalo celebrated the Fourth of July in listening to an oration by Mr. Doolittle, United States Senator from Wisconsin, in which that gentleman eloquently expounded to Mr. Fillmore and his fellow-citizens the project for abolishing slavery, and removing the negroes to the tropical region in Central America. An able statement of this plan, as our readers will remember, was made in his Senatorial speech at the last session of Congress.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1859.

Correspondents will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

Ecclesiastical writers have spoken of the Church militant and the Church triumphant, as if these two divisions included the whole body, or as if all the saints on this side Jordan really occupied a "militant" position, fighting boldly and openly in defence of the truth. But this classification is clearly imperfect, failing to include a very large number of persons, eminent in the Church both in ancient and modern times, who have thought fit, under the pressure of circumstances of greater or less stringency, to resist, deny and betray the truth. These persons are wont to rely chiefly for their justification upon the traditions of the elders and the usages of "the brotherhood," though they might boldly claim apostolic warrant for their position, and avow themselves the followers of St. Judas Iscariot. The number of this division of the Church has always been great, its influence extensive and powerful, its respectability unquestioned. Perhaps it may appropriately be called—the Church *delinquent*.

The Independent of late, and particularly in its last number, seems to have undertaken the task of calling to account some of those conspicuous representatives of the Church who have lately shown themselves deficient in truth and honesty. There would be much fitness in this, since *The Independent* has been eminent and frequent in offences of this sort, if Doctors Thompson and Bacon would preface their revelations in this department with a confession of their own sins, accompanied with a beginning of amended action; or even if, making the confession *impersonal*, as they have so often craftily made the sin, they would acknowledge the numerous inveracities of *The Independent*, under their management, and begin to make it honest and candid. Unfortunately, their objection seems to be only to dishonesty practised against *their* side, and this very number of their paper affords abundant evidence of their continuance in the accustomed policy. It may be well, however, to put on record in The Standard some of their charges against persons whom they nevertheless recognize as Christian brethren.

In *The Independent* of July 7th, Rev. Dr. J. F. Stearns (replying to a correspondent of that paper who, in a previous number, had charged him with an exercise of ingenuity in a speech lately delivered, "by which *suppressio veri expressio falsi*—the statement of a part only of the truth does the work of a falsehood") denies and retorts the charge of misrepresentation, which is again retorted upon himself in an editorial article.

In the same paper is given an account of the annual meeting of the General Association of Orthodox Congregational Ministers of Massachusetts, which continued two days at Pittsfield, and chose for its Moderator the pro-slavery Doctor of Divinity, Rev. George W. Blagden of Boston. After an hour of social prayer and religious conference, a Reverend gentleman appeared to represent the General Assembly of the New School Presbyterians. His address, in the main "highly complimentary and fraternal in its tone," ultimately spoke of a contemplated movement of the Congregationalists in the Home Missionary Society as "the height of injustice." If they should make the movement in question, he thought "the memory of such an act would mantle the cheeks of their children with shame on account of the meanness of their fathers." This was one side of the question. The other side appeared on the second day, "after a profitable hour of social devotion," as follows:

The Rev. Dr. Sweetser, of Worcester, from the Committee to whom was referred the subject of the coöperation of Presbyterians and Congregationalists in the American Home Missionary Society, reported a couple of brief resolutions, "*of a pretty decided character*," which gained, by dint of determination, and in the face of repeated and persistent calls for the question, a hurried discussion of between one and two hours. After a stormy debate, during which the "brethren" seem to have acted with a [illegible] not unlike that of the New York and Boston Tract Societies a year ago, the second of these "pretty decided" resolutions was amended in its phraseology "so as to declare *what character an act would bear if attempted, instead of pronouncing a condemnation of it as a thing actually done*," making it read as follows:

"Resolved, That, in the opinion of this Association, any attempt whatsoever to employ the American Home Missionary Society or its funds for an exclusively sectarian or denominational purpose is a violation of good faith, and an infringement of the spirit of Christian fellowship, and a departure from strict justice."

The resolution thus amended (making the charge against their Presbyterian "brethren" hypothetical instead of direct) was then unanimously adopted, the Association fearlessly taking whatever risk to "the cheeks of their children" might be involved, and in the afternoon these brethren celebrated the Lord's Supper together, after the usual sermon and devotional exercises.

The Independent feels so sensibly the impropriety of unfair dealing (in the party opposed to itself) that it gives an editorial article founded on the question—"Is Official Honesty a Christian Obligation?" After dilating on the common want of honesty, honor and integrity among business men and government officials, and in financial institutions, it feels compelled to add "professed Christians" to the list, and to state a formula upon that subject which as clearly includes the clerical editors of that paper, the Churches over which they preside, and the particular Societies and interests which they favor, as well as the Societies and interests of the opposite party, at whom these statements are levelled. This article says:

"One naturally looks to the diffusion of Christian principles in mercantile and political life for the correction of prevailing dishonesty. And certainly a pure Christianity would secure the practice of a strict integrity in every department of life. But unhappily there is a Christian profession, which vaunts its own orthodoxy and sanctity, which shows a special reverence for the names and the writings of the soundest expositors of the faith, which yet is sadly deficient in the social virtues, which does not cherish as of prime importance 'whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report.'

"One naturally supposes that the election of Christian men to offices of trust would be a sufficient guarantee against dishonorable action. And so it would, if all professed Christians were really such, and if all real Christians kept ever before them the pure and perfect morality of the Gospel. But, alas, some of the most painful violations of Christian honor take place in religious corporations and societies, organized for benevolent purposes."

In illustration of the general statement here made, *The Independent* proceeds to specify cases of dishonesty and falsehood perpetrated by "professors" of religion in official stations, among whom are mentioned officials of the Old School Presbyterian Board of Missions and of the American Tract Society, and among whom are *not* mentioned the equally flagrant cases of dishonesty and falsehood which have occurred in the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions and the *Boston* American Tract Society. To both the associations last mentioned *The Independent* gives unqualified approbation and active support, in spite of the dishonest craft which guides the policy of both, and in spite of a complicity with slavery as great in the American Board, and as real (though not so great) in the Boston Tract Society as in the National Tract Society itself.

The very instance of dishonest management which seems to excite most indignation in *The Independent*, and to an exposure of the details of which half its article is devoted (namely, the suppression, in the Annual Report of the American Tract Society, just issued, of one item of the business transacted at the Annual Meeting), relates to an incident, itself a specimen of dishonest craft, in which two editors of *The Independent* shared. After that Society, at its last anniversary, had refused to pass a resolution offered by Rev. Mr. Wolcott of Providence, condemning the African slave trade, and expressing a willingness to issue a tract on that subject, a pro-slavery Doctor of Divinity, Rev. Gardiner Spring of New York (one of the original founders of the National Tract Society, and a supporter of its complicity with slavery from that time to the present), seeing the new opportunity that would thus be given to prove the wickedness of the Society to many who had not yet seen it, craftily interposed the following resolution:

"Resolved, That this Society, in laying the preceding resolution on the table, have not come to this conclusion from any hesitation in relation to the sin of the African slave trade, or the great wickedness of reviving this iniquitous traffic in any form."

The object of this resolution most manifestly was to avert a reproach which the Society richly deserves, and to enable it still to continue one of the chief bulwarks of slavery in fact, by erecting this barrier against the disgrace of appearing such in form. The mob of disorderly church-members, who had for hours been hissing and shouting to prevent Mr. Wolcott, Mr. Jay and Dr. Patton from being heard, promptly shouted forth their approval of this resolution, crying "Good," "Good," "Go on," "Certainly," "That's it," and the resolution was adopted, Dr. Leonard Bacon and Dr. Joseph P. Thompson having first spoken *in favor of it*. Having advocated, by speech and suffrage, the dishonesty of such a vote, passed by such persons under such circumstances, why do they object to the further dishonesty of omitting the record of it in the Annual Report? Dr. Thompson, in 1857, moved the adoption of the Report of the Special Committee of Fifteen, a document stuffed full of dishonesty and self-contradiction, which has heretofore been exposed, at length, in the columns of The Standard; his influence in *The Independent* has always gone to sustain the Boston Tract Society in the adoption of that same self-stultifying document as the rule of its operations on the subject of slavery; and it has also always gone to defend the American Board, in spite of its free admission of slaveholders to its mission Churches, and the evasions and deceits practised to conceal and excuse this sin. Must we not suppose, on comparing the past course of *The Independent* with the particular cases of unjust dealing which it now selects to stigmatize, that its objection is less to dishonesty than to dishonesty on the other side?

We propose the following test to *The Independent*.

A few months ago, there appeared in *The Tribune* a letter to Chief-Justice Williams of Connecticut, President of the American Tract Society, exposing statements grossly false, other statements deceptive by their reservation of truth, and reasonings shamefully sophistical, in a speech which he had made at Hartford in defence of the American Tract Society. This speech assumed, finally, that, at most, the Tract Society had erred only in omission; and it asked, with an air of confident assumption ludicrously at variance with the facts—

"Who says our positive preaching of doctrine is false? What charges are made of vicious practices or vicious principles?"

To this the reviewer of the speech, whose name and address were signed to his letter, replied—

"These are fair and reasonable questions. It is quite time they should be answered. It is quite time the public should know that the reservation of truth, evasion, misrepresentation, sophistry and falsehood so freely used by the functionaries of the Tract Society in regard to slavery are not *new* features of their policy; but that they have been long practised, and in regard to various subjects. I therefore answer your questions as follows:

"I charge the Tract Society with a positive preaching of false doctrine, and a support of that doctrine by misquotation and misinterpretation of the Bible, and also by misrepresentation, sophistry and falsehood.

"This may be proved against the Society in regard to several subjects. But, not wishing to leave this matter in the vagueness of a merely general accusation, I proceed to specify.

"I charge the Tract Society with teaching a false doctrine in regard to the observance of Sunday, the first day of the week—a doctrine contrary to the teaching of the Bible, contrary to the example of Jesus, contrary to the writings of Paul—and I charge them with the use of misrepresentation, falsehood, and gross perversion of Scripture, in their defence of that doctrine. I charge that all their tracts on the subject of the Sabbath are contrary to the Bible doctrine on that subject; and I hold myself in readiness to show, either in *The Tribune* or in any 'religious' paper which you may designate, the truth of all the above charges *in regard to the particular tract, No. 352, entitled 'The Sabbath,' whenever you shall demand this proof*."

Judge Williams has never demanded the proof here offered. Meantime, both the New York and the Boston Tract Societies are circulating this tract, No. 352, which teaches a false doctrine, and defends it by false statements. Will *The Independent* show its dislike of fraud by volunteering the use of its columns for the exposure above offered? Will it expose deception as readily in the Boston Society as in the New York Society? Or will it give, by silence, a still further illustration of the fact that "unhappily there is a Christian profession which vaunts its own orthodoxy and sanctity, which shows a special reverence for the names and the writings of the soundest expositors of the faith, which yet is sadly deficient in the social virtues, which does not cherish as of prime importance whatsoever things are *true*, whatsoever things are *honest*, whatsoever things are *just*?

We pause for a reply.

KIDNAPPERS DISCHARGED.

We stated last week that the Kentucky slave-catchers, who were indicted in the County of Lorain (O.) under the statute against kidnapping, were not to be tried, the U. S. officials having consented to abandon the prosecution of the rescuers, upon condition that a *nolie prosequi* should be entered in their (the slave-catchers') cases. Their conviction, in case they should be tried by a Lorain County jury, semed inevitable; hence the U. S. authorities were ready to purchase their release by an abandonment of the prosecution against the rescuers. Their first hope, however, was to procure their discharge under a *habeas corpus* issued by Judge M'Lean of the U. S. Supreme Court. The writ was procured, but as the kidnappers (Jennings, Mitchell, Lowe and Davis) were not in custody, but at large on bail, the sheriff could not be required to produce their bodies in court. The U. S. Marshal and his cronies took the indicted men to Elyria, and craftily endeavored to induce the sheriff of the County to *take them into custody*, intending, if he should do so, to serve upon him Judge M'Lean's writ of *habeas corpus*, and thus compel him to bring them before that magistrate, who was expected to decide that the indictment against them was null and void. The sheriff understood his duty too well to be caught in this trap; he knew that he had no right to take them into custody unless by direction of the State Court. The rascals were thereupon in a sad dilemma, there being no way to avoid a trial except by flight, which would leave the worthy signers of their bail-bonds in serious trouble. In these circumstances, with the open door of the Ohio Penitentiary in full view, they begged the U. S. officials to procure their release by a discharge of the imprisoned rescuers; whereupon the Government backed down, as elsewhere recorded.

LO! THE POOR INDIAN!

The following correspondence needs no introduction or explanation. Let us hope that the letter of the Secretary of the Interior is not a mere form, but an evidence that the Executive intends to perform the duty to which his attention was called by the memorialists:

To James Buchanan, *President of the United States*:

Your memorialists would respectfully call the attention of the Executive to the condition of the Indian tribes. It is generally asserted by the press, and officially reported by the Indian Department, that the Indian tribes have been repeatedly defrauded of their lands and means of subsistence; and been driven by starvation to desperation, and then hunted and massacred as if they had no common rights of humanity.

Your memorialists have been deeply pained to read in the California newspapers that men are hired to hunt and to slay Indians, and are paid by the number of scalps they obtain, and that it is the fixed policy of the people and government of the Territories to destroy all they can. We conceive that no argument is necessary to show the dangerous results of the morality which sanctions this wholesale murder of a poor people whom we are bound by common humanity to protect. It naturally produces its own fruit wherever its influence extends, and we fear, therefore, that the publicly sanctioned outrages upon the Indians form a great National School to teach injustice throughout the land.

Your memorialists would therefore pray that a proclamation of a cessation of hostilities may be issued, and that a peace commission, composed of persons of integrity and ability, may be created.

Signed on behalf of the Pennsylvania Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends.

Joseph A. Dugdale,
Elizabeth Jackson, } Clerks.
Oliver Johnson,

Department of State,
Washington, June 25th, 1859.

Ladies and Gentlemen: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt, by reference from the President of the United States, of the memorial presented to him, in your behalf, by Mrs. Elizabeth Jackson and Messrs. Joseph A. Dugdale and Oliver Johnson, and to state in reply that the subject will receive the attentive consideration which its gravity demands.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
J. Thompson, Secretary.

To the Pennsylvania Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends.

The Western Anti-Slavery Society will hold its next anniversary at Alliance, Stark Co., on the first Saturday in September. So says *The Bugle*.

AN EXILED FAMILY.

Philadelphia July 9, 1859.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

It seems to me that the accompanying letter, from Miss Sarah A. Lester, would not be found amiss in the columns of The Standard.

Her father was well and favorably known here as a man of enterprise and integrity of character, and for a long period, up to the time of taking his departure for California, nine years ago, he labored earnestly in this city for the elevation of his race. He succeeded in establishing, despite of prejudice and hard laws, one of the best and most fashionable boot and shoe stores in San Francisco, receiving patronage from the most respectable citizens, and first prizes from the largest exhibitions in that part of the country.

Being thus established, at the expiration of six or seven years, he deemed it advisable to remove his *family* to San Francisco. He did this, however, with much reluctance, feeling serious apprehension that the abounding prejudice against color in California would greatly obstruct the education of his children, for whose benefit and education he and his wife had already made unusual sacrifices. For their sake he had endured nameless hardships, especially in California, where no colored man has an oath, a vote or the least redress in law for any injury, while his faithful wife, in his absence (with five small children), had struggled with untiring devotion and industry, here, to educate, refine and fit them for usefulness and credit in any society where their lot might be cast.

With the exception of a little son, whose hopeless mental afflictions caused its parents years of deep anxiety and special care, the children, at the time of the removal, were exceedingly promising; Sarah, their oldest, then 14 years of age, gave abundant evidence that the labors of her parents had not been in vain. Of the annoyances and difficulties encountered by the family, on the score of colorphobia, in the first year after moving to California, suffice it to say that, through the intercession of some of Mr. Lester's influential customers and friends, Sarah was presented to the School Board, before which she passed a creditable examination and was admitted into the High School of San Francisco (the first colored pupil ever admitted). She occupied her position in this institution but a brief while ere the Democratic Press, the Grand Jury, and the victims of colorphobia generally, combined for her expulsion, and bravely effected their object. It is but just to add that the majority of the School Board voted unqualifiedly in favor of her remaining until they were violently and grossly assailed from the sources alluded to above; after which they proposed, as a compromise, that she should be retained, but no others of her race admitted; and thus ended their efforts in this struggle.

In a letter written subsequently to this shameful expulsion, Mrs. Lester wrote from San Francisco (under date of Dec. 20th, 1858) as follows:

"Some of Mr. Lester's friends interested themselves and got Sarah into the College at Alameda; if they should let her remain until she finishes her education, I shall rejoice at the close."

Under date of Feb. 4th, 1859, not two months later, she reveals how suddenly and sadly their hopes had been again destroyed:

"Mr. Lester has been, for the last month, away from home; he is at *Victoria*, preparing for our coming. Mr. Gibbs [Mr. L.'s partner, who had previously been in Victoria, a year, establishing a business house, &c.] is closing out the business here. They are building a house; and when it is finished, we are going up.

"I am longing to get from under the 'Stars and Stripes.' All who are willing to stay and contend with the powers of darkness may stay for all me . . . . I have had more trouble about the school. Sarah has been excluded from College. Those who were for us were so far in the minority that they could not effect anything. The principal and teachers expressed much sympathy. They gave Sarah character for studiousness and amiability. You cannot wonder that I want to get away from here."

An idea of Mr. Lester's views in relation to the practical elevation of the colored race, and of the course he has followed and still means to pursue, may be inferred from a few extracts from a long private letter of recent date, in which he dwells at length on the condition and elevation of the race, making pretty serious complaints against "young men," especially, "who would follow their trades or business all winter, and in the spring go to the watering places to be flunkeys and waiters for the white man, thus losing what little influence they might wield as mechanics and business men."

"I have," he says, "been watching this matter closely since 1838, at which time I arrived in your beautiful city (Philadelphia), and I am satisfied that we will never do anything as long as we are not business men and mechanics. It is time colored men had laid a foundation for their children."

"I consider it altogether out of place for us to make doctors and lawyers of our sons; we had as well let them be barbers, &c. Why? Because the time has not come for the higher professions; we want mechanics, business men and farmers. Let the higher professions be an after consideration. We only make our children miserable when we educate them for these professions."

Though Mr. Lester had seen and felt prejudice and oppression in its most virulent manner in Virginia, where he was born, and in Philadelphia, where he resided for a number of years, and still more recently, under their late school grievances, nevertheless no man scouted more than he did the idea that colored men should submit so generally to the menial callings of life; that they could not succeed as mechanics, business men, farmers, &c., by determination. "It is all nonsense," he said—"the plea so commonly made by colored men, that the prejudice is so great against them that they could never succeed."

"If they only knew it," in some respects, he thinks, "their black faces are the best advertisement they could have."

Hence, as far as he was individually concerned, in establishing himself honorably in business, he did not for a moment allow prejudice to daunt him, or the more favored class to excel him.

And now, after this long introduction, I give you the letter of which I spoke in the beginning. S.

MISS LESTER'S LETTER.

Victoria, Vancouver's Island, May 25, 1859.

Esteemed Friend: Mother intended to write to you, but, as she had not time to pen as satisfactory an epistle as she wished, she desired me to inform you of our good fortune and future prospects.

We left San Francisco on the first day of April; the third day out we stopped at Crescent City; but as it was twilight, we could not enjoy the prospect. On the fourth day we arrived at the mouth of the Columbia River. The fog being very thick, it was necessary to remain there until nine o'clock next morning. The scenery along the banks of the river is varied and beautiful; there appeared to be extensive forests of pine, hemlock and white oak; and, towering far above the loftiest trees, I saw the snow-clad summits of the Coast Mountains. There are many little villages along the banks of the Columbia, at which we were detained to land freight. On the sixth we reached Portland, O. T. We went ashore and walked through some of the principal streets; it is a dull-looking city; the chief evidence of thrift that I saw was the large amount of lumber prepared for shipping.

We left the following afternoon for Victoria, and entered the harbor of Esq[illegible]uimalt about three o'clock in the afternoon of the tenth day. The prospect in the immediate vicinity of the harbor is very fine. The passengers either ride to Victoria or go in a small steamer. Father had sent a wago[illegible]n to convey us to this city; there are no carriages here y[illegible]et.

Father has built a [illegible] comfortable house on Vancouver street, which runs no[illegible]rth and south. There is a large garden spot at the no[illegible]rth side, and a pretty flower garden in front. Though the [illegible] season is much more backward than it is in California, our [illegible] prospects for gardening are excellent. Our house is thr[illegible]ee-fourths of a mile from the business place; the view [illegible]'s quite country-like; there are fields all around us, in w[illegible]hich are numbers of trees, such as hemlock, oak, Norway [illegible] fir, balm of gilead, &c.; there is no undergrowth, except [illegible] huckleberry, blackberry and raspberry bushes, and milli[illegible]ons of strawberry vines, now in full bloom. If you could [illegible] see Victoria, I am quite certain you would think as I do, [illegible] that it is one of the most beautiful sites that nature ever [illegible] formed. The Church of England occupies the most ele[illegible]vated position. On the north and north-east we have a vie[illegible]w of the mountainous coast of British Columbia; south-ea[illegible]st and south are the "snow-clad" hills which traverse the [illegible] western border of that Christian land which we left with [illegible] only one regret—that of being so much farther removed [illegible] from our friends. The soil is black and much mixed with sa[illegible]nd; but it is light and fertile; granite and limestone abou[illegible]nd; the coal is of an inferior quality, but an abundance of [illegible] wood supplies the deficiency. * * * * * *

Sarah Annie Lester.

Our European Correspondence.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.....No. VII.

Paris, June 23.

I promised you long ago an account of the state of religious matters in France. This country has been one of the most prominent in the defence of tolerance, and has succeeded in inscribing it in her institutions; but, by a singular phenomenon, worthy of the notice of every philosophical mind, the peculiar form of religious liberty in France has a tendency towards the utter destruction of religion. To understand this, you must remember that the foundation of our legislation upon religious worship lies in the famous *concordate* framed by Napoleon the First. The character of this document has never been better explained than in a work of our youngest and ablest writer, M. Prevost-Paradol. The principle of utility, says he, is the first principle of the *concordate*; there is no question of the right of individuals to profess a religion, but only of the interest of the state, which insists upon their having and professing one; there is no question of the liberties they might esteem, but only of the guarantees which the state holds in reserve in order that the public conscience may not be led without its permission. In one word, the state is willing to admit religion, because it thinks religion useful; and protects it, because it is decided to conduct it.

Nothing could be more frank than the language of the government on these matters. Portalis, the great framer of the Code Napoleon, observed, in his Reports upon the subject, that "the laws of Minos and Seleucus had their foundations on the fear of God"; that "Cicero, in his treatise upon law, represents Providence as the basis of legislation," &c.

Acknowledging, as it does, the utility of a religion, the state ought to search for and choose the best? This process is difficult, and it is of little matter to the state that religions should be true, if only they answer the purposes of the state. "Religions, even when they are false," said, very sincerely, Portalis, "have at least the advantage of placing obstacles to the introduction of *arbitrary doctrines*. Individuals have a *common creed*; governments are secured against known *dogmas which do not change*; superstition is, as it were, ruled and kept within certain limits." "This," says, with reason, Prevost-Paradol, "is the last final conclusion of the *Concordate*; this is the eminently political and French idea which inspired it. This was the peculiar merit with a government in whose eyes organization and discipline were the final object of human societies." The *concordate* gives to the state the right to nominate the bishops, to control their acts, to examine the decisions of the popes and the decrees of the *Councils*. The organization of the Protestant Churches in France is determined with the same strictness as that of the Catholic Churches, and is, like theirs, supported by the contributions of the State; the doctrinal or dogmatic decisions of the Protestants are submitted to the examination and the authority of the Council of State (*Conseil d'Etat*); and if the ministers cannot agree, this political body has the express mission to mediate between them.

Such a state of things, though it might seem to realize tolerance in the eyes of men like Portalis, was felt to be very different from real liberty. After the Empire, the government of the Bourbons, in the *charte* which it gave to France, inscribed this article (art. 5)—"Each man has a right to profess his religion with equal liberty, and to the same protection for his worship." Unfortunately, besides this vague declaration, there remained the *code* framed by Napoleon. Now, the article 291 of the French code states that every periodical reunion of more than twenty persons is submitted to the provisional authorization of the government and to the conditions the administration may think fit to impose on these reunions. Besides, the article 294 of the same code forbids every man to allow a periodical reunion in his house, unless he has received the permission of the municipal authorities. The existence or the non-existence of a church, the opening of a chapel, and the organization of an association, are in fact at the mercy of the mayor of the town. It is true, you can appeal from the decision of the mayor to the prefect, from him to the Minister of the Interior, from him to the Council of State. But have not the courts of justice something to do in all this? To be sure, they have, and the judges, as soon as your religious reunions are not approved by the authorities, cannot but condemn you. You pay the fine and can meditate in prison upon the religious liberty of the country and the means of conciliating the declaration of the *charte* with the provisions of the law.

Here is the *charte* asserting, after the French fashion, in magnificent terms, the principles of liberty; but there is the code which, in more precise style, declares that the principles are good enough for nineteen men, but that as soon as they are twenty they cannot pray nor preach without the assent of the administration. The article of the *charte* has no sanction, while the article of the code has one as simple as it is convenient, imprisonment and fine.

The Republic, in 1848, had better intentions, but they were not fulfilled. The article 5 of the *charte* became the article 7 of the republican constitution, which proclaimed the liberty of worship; and the article 291 of the penal code was temporarily put in the shade by the 8th article of the same constitution, which authorized the citizens to meet quietly and without arms, and express their opinions freely by the press and otherwise. When, afterwards, the *coup d'état* of Napoleon III. was made, the usurper, in his constitution, declared that he guaranteed and confirmed the great principles of 1789, which are the foundation of the public law in France. But, at the same time, he issued a decree, the 25th March, 1852, where it was stated that the articles 291, 292 and 294 of the penal code were applicable to all public reunions, whatever be their object.

In consequence of this, though we are theoretically proclaiming the *great principles* of 1789, we cannot open a church without the permission of the authorities. It must be said, however, that a decree has been passed this year which takes that power of authorization out of the hands of the municipal authorities, and gives it exclusively to the Council of State. Little will be gained by it; a mayor is but a man; the Council of State is an irresponsible body, a circumlocution office, as says Mr. Dickens. Most of the petitions for the erection of new chapels and churches will find a grave there, and the few, which will be examined, will fall into the hands of men who are still faithful to the principles of Portalis, and who perpetuate in the second Empire the political and social feelings of the first.

This state of our religious institutions is not very well known, even in France, and not a few Catholics here sincerely believe that tolerance and religious liberty are nowhere more flourishing than in France. To be sure, no peculiar doctrine is required from the officials, no declaration of faith; a peculiar form of worship is no impediment to the public functionary; a Jew may become a Minister of State, as M. Fould. But *propagandism* is impossible; it is forbidden to a Protestant minister to attack the Catholic doctrine; a man named Bessner has just been condemned at Colmar to three months' imprisonment, for having distributed, *without permission*, little pamphlets on the new dogma of the Immaculate Conception. He was a Protestant and was desirous of bringing a few friends to his opinions; his case came, from court to court, to the highest of all, the Court of Cassation; and his condemnation was maintained because "he was animated with passions belonging to another age."

Since his accession to the throne, Louis Bonaparte, has by all the means in his power, favored the repression of the Protestant feeling in France. There is no doubt that real religious liberty would bring over to Protestantism millions of people, who now do entirely without religious worship, because they hate and despise the Catholic priesthood. For the first time Bonaparte has touched a spot where the feelings of this priesthood, whose interest and welfare he has promoted in all ways, may be roused against him. The Pope is his greatest difficulty in the Italian war, because every Catholic priest is ready to exert all his influence against the government in case Bonaparte should attack the authority of the Pope in the Roman States. This authority is detested by the Italians. Every town in the Legation is in insurrection since the Austrians have left Ancona and Bologna; the cardinals residing in those places have left them; deputations are sent to Victor Emanuel. Meanwhile the official papers in Paris repeat these declarations: nothing will be done against the Pope; his throne is placed under the *respectful guard of our arms* (sic); a French General, General de Goyon, puts down every demonstration of public feeling in Rome. Nothing is allowed but silent manifestations; when the news of a victory arrives, they may take off their hats before the French Ambassador; but that is enough; nothing more is permitted. We are living in strange times, when such comedies are played at the same moment when fearful tragedies are being enacted, when

multitudes submit to the discipline of consummate conspirators, when the revolution accepts submissively the rule of the sternest despot now alive, when even a Pope has found in the French government his match in duplicity and jesuitism. —— ——.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CCLI.

THE ARGUMENT.—The Correspondent demandeth justice—He describeth the Fourth at Framingham—And warneth the readers against Mr. Phillips—He telleth of the evil words of George Sumner—And of his punishment—He giveth a new version of an Irish fairy tale. Also telleth of the Webster Statue—And prophesieth as to Faneuil Hall—He giveth an account of the loss of a great Moral Lesson—And rejoiceth at the promotion of the late Corresponding Editor, &c. &c. &c.

BOSTON, July 11, 1859.

DID you notice the injury your compositors did me in the numbering of my last Epistle? They actually struck off ten from the debt you and posterity owe me, making that number the two hundred and *fortieth* instead of the two hundred and *fiftieth* of this secular series! Is this the reward I am to receive for spinning out the thread of my verbosity so fine and so long, for twelve or fifteen years running? I demand justice. As the intelligent voters of an English borough, I forget which, a hundred years ago, demanded of the son of Lord Macclesfield, who was prominent in the change of the Kalendar, "give us back our eleven days," I insist on my ten numbers being restored to me. If eleven days were worth making a riot about, my case is much stronger, as my eleven numbers represent about six months, of which amount of credit with posterity I am in danger of being robbed by this lapse of the types. Supposing the Northern States should be overrun by an incursion of barbarians from the South, the slaveholders actually executing their threats and laying waste our country with fire and sword, burning up all colleges, schools, libraries and books, and shooting schoolmasters by the dozen instead of one at a time, and should the New Zealander who is one day to meditate over the ruins of London stop on his way to drop a moral reflection over those of New York, and should he unearth from the confused heaps only that copy of THE STANDARD, is it not evident that he would draw a most erroneous conclusion as to the result of my literary labors? In the name, then, of future ages and foreign nations, I entreat that the Roman numerals which lead my columns into action may be marshalled aright hereafter.

The Fourth of July went off very much as you suggested it would in your most unpatriotic leader of last week. Indeed, it is strictly proper to say that it "went off," for it did nothing else. It began to "go off" as soon as the clock had struck twelve, and continued exploding, in the shape of *crackers* and the bigger squibs with which children of the largest growth divert themselves, called cannon, until the iron tongue of midnight had told twelve again. Of course, there was the usual number of boys and men blown from the mouth of the great guns, with various shapes of maiming, eyes blown out, arms and legs blown off, besides the luckier ones who were killed outright.

"But such things, you know, must be
At every famous victory."

The way in which a handful of disorderly fellows are permitted to make the night preceding the Fourth hideous is truly a disgrace to the police of the cities. There was a pretence of an intention of keeping the peace this year; but it was no more than a pretence. As it has been done in former years, it must have been from a lack of will, and not of power, that misrule and riot had it their own way as usual. Our meeting at Framingham was one of the best we ever had as to numbers and speaking. The weather was absolutely perfect—a little too cool, if anything, but that is so rare and so good a fault that we could not find fault with it. As I suppose you will have the Report of the Meeting in this identical paper, I do not think it necessary to go into particulars. I cannot, however, but express my stern rebuke of the way in which Mr. Phillips treated Mr. Winthrop. We cannot permit Our First Men to be spoken of in that disrespectful kind of way. It is very true that Mr. Winthrop was the Spoilt Child of Boston, but not exactly in the way Mr. Phillips indicated. And like other Spoilt Children, he found himself put in a corner with his face to the wall, from which he is not likely soon to get out. I trust none of my readers will read that portion of Mr. Phillips's speech, as it cannot fail to wound their sensibilities.

And, talking of that, our sensibilities here have been most savagely wounded by Mr. George Sumner, who delivered the Oration before our City Fathers in the Music Hall. When I say that his sentiments meet with the stern indignation of the *Courier* and the *Post*, you will readily understand how shocking they must have been to all patriotic hearts. He dared to criticize the Dred Scott decision and the course of Chief-Justice Taney and his assessors in that matter, as if anything could be more out of order on the Fourth of July than denunciations of tyranny and indications of its aggressions on the domain of liberty. It has created a degree of indignation only second to that occasioned by the "Complimentary Flunkeyism" Oration of Mr. Alger. However, we shall probably visit it with the same crushing severity that fell on that treasonable performance, as our City Government have taken a week to consider whether they will say "thankee" to Mr. Sumner for the outrage and ask a copy for the press. His suspense must be truly dreadful. Mr. Mooney, an emigrant from the Emerald Isle, is the avenging angel in this crisis of our destinies, and in his hands our honor and that of the country may be considered safe. His speech is a model of Hiberno-American eloquence. It is evident that the eagle on which Daniel O'Rourke flew up to the Moon was the American spread one, and, probably, after he came down he called himself *Mooney* and emigrated to this country. I shall try and keep you advised as to this important passage of our history.

We have just been robbed of the great Moral Lesson expounded by the gallows, by the commutation of the punishment of Plumer from death to imprisonment for life. Several mutineers were tried here for the murder of their captain at sea, and he only convicted of murder, the rest being found guilty of manslaughter only. I don't know the particulars of the case; but I think it is reasonable to infer, when a slave kills his master, a sailor his captain or a convict in the Penitentiary his officer in charge, that the party killed was served right. So I am very glad that they were let off so easily. Plumer had a very narrow squeeze for his life, as the Boston merchants do not share in the liberal opinions I have just expressed as to the treatment of sea-captains. And, it is said that he had a yet stronger obstacle to overcome in the idea which had worked itself in some way into Mr. Buchanan's head, that he was a relative of Senator Sumner! Of course, this was absolutely false, but it came near being the death of the poor fellow. Fortunately, it was susceptible of complete disproof, and, as the number of signatures to the petition was something extraordinary, including great numbers of faithful Democrats, the President was induced at last to yield and let Plumer hammer stone the rest of his life. I think this case is a strong proof of the growing disinclination towards capital punishments. A very few years ago there would not have been the slightest difficulty about convicting the whole gang of the capital offence and stringing them all up in a row afterwards.

I was but too true a prophet, in my last, as to the repentance of the recreant Committee, and their consent, as an act of penance, to set up Mr. Webster's Statue in our front yard. If it had only been in any of their private and particular front yards, it had been a proper mortification enough. But there does not seem any good reason why good old Mother Massachusetts should be punished by having this unsightly image set up in hers. Were it in one of her corn fields, it might be of some use to scare the crows, but in the front yard of her town-house it can serve no purpose but to frighten the children. It was a very *Bostony* proceeding, indeed. Probably, nine-tenths of the Committee think no beter of the statue than I do, and yet they could not stand up against the weight of personal influence brought to bear upon them. I trust, however, that it will not be permitted to stand there forever, any more than the disgraceful picture of the Hayne Speech, in Faneuil Hall. And as if that were not enough, John Adams's bust, which used to stand in the place of honor in that Hall, has been shouldered aside under the stairs, to make way for Webster! There must be an end to these things, however.

I am glad to find that your late Corresponding Editor has met with such promotion as you mention in your last paper. As you suggest, it is likely his long study of the various qualities and uses of *dough*, especially when modelled into the human countenance, occasioned his elevation to the post of Chairman of the Bread Committee of the Norfolk County Agricultural Society. I do not know whether the fact that the Woman Question has been mixed up in his kneading-trough will prevent him from going into the mixture or not. I should be sorry to have him do anything that should "hurt his usefulness" or injure his standing in the Congregational Church; and trust he will be wary in his walk and conversation in a matter of such importance. His case is different from that of a common man. D. Y.

RELEASE OF THE OBERLIN RESCUERS.

WE stated last week that the Government had abandoned the prosecution of the Oberlin Rescuers, and that they had accordingly been set at liberty. The following statements of particulars will be eagerly read.

From The Cleveland Leader, July 7.

SCENES AT THE JAIL.

The men released yesterday were Messrs H. E. Peck, Ralph Plumb, J. M. Fitch, John Watson, J. H. Scott, James Bartlett, David Watson, Henry Evans, William Evans, A. W. Lyman, Richard Windsor and W. E. Lincoln.

Dr. Boise, who is out on bail, and all the Rescuers who were indicted but not arrested, were included in the *nolle prosequi*.

Mr. Bushnell is still in jail, serving out his unjust sentence. His time will expire on Saturday next. Mr. Langston was set at liberty, by expiration of sentence, some time ago.

Just as the Rescuers were leaving for their homes, they stepped into the parlor of the jail, where were present their attorneys, Messrs. R. P. Spalding, A. G. Riddle, F. T. Backus, S. O. Griswold, Sheriff D. L. Wightman, Jailor J. B. Smith, H. R. Smith, who had rendered the Rescuers repeated services, with their wives and numerous friends, when Mr. Plumb, in behalf of the prisoners, presented the ladies, for their husbands, each a beautiful silver napkin-ring, fork and spoon, engraved with the initals of their husbands, and "From Rescuers"; "Matthew, 25:36."

Mr. Plumb, in a brief and happy vein, said, that the prisoners, though poor, were desirous of presenting to them a small remembrancer, in token of the high regard in which they held them, and in acknowledgement of the valuable services they had rendered them during their imprisonment—to their counsel for legal aid, and to the others for services scarcely less valuable. And he wished to request their wives to place the gifts before their husbands, at meals, three times a day while they lived, that they might, at such times, when surrounded by their families and those dear to them, when noble and generous feelings were sure to come, look upon the memento and remember the exciting scenes through which they had just passed—that although they were intended for their husbands, like all other dear things they would be in the keeping of the ladies.

Judge Spalding replied in behalf of the ladies and others, in a few eloquent and appropriate remarks. Mr. Peck remarked that a portion of the first hour in jail had been spent in imploring the blessing of God, and it would be consonant with their feelings to spend the last moments in thanksgiving to the Protector and Preserver of themselves and families, and the Good Deliverer who had been their hope and support during the many days and nights of their confinement.

The news spread rapidly that the Government officials had *caved*. Hundreds immediately called on the company to tender their congratulations. In the afternoon, about 5 o'clock, a hundred guns were fired, and some several hundreds of our citizens gathered at the jail to escort the Rescuers to the dépôt. At 5 1-2 o'clock the whole company, headed by Hecker's Band, marched two and two to the dépôt, through Superior and Water streets, the band playing "Hail Columbia," "Hail to the Chief," "Yankee Doodle," &c. On arriving at the dépôt, three stentorian cheers were given with a good will for the Rescuers, when Judge Brayton, of Newburg, was called upon for a speech, which he gave in his vivid and eloquent style. After this the company bid farewell to their friends, and took their seats in the cars, and the train started amidst the hurrahs of the people, the band playing that peculiarly appropriate air for the occasion, "Home, Sweet Home." Thus has ended the great Oberlin Rescue Case.

The people of Oberlin were making preparations to receive the Rescuers yesterday afternoon. We doubt not that the returned husbands, fathers, brothers and sons, will have received a welcome, such as the warm hearted people of Oberlin know how to give.

THE WELCOME AT OBERLIN.

From The Cleveland Herald, July 7.

More than two thousand persons met the "Rescuers" at the cars at the dépôt on their return to Oberlin last night, the 6th inst. The entire Fire Department of Oberlin turned out to meet their returned brethren, some of whom were of the number imprisoned. Prof. Munroe welcomed the "Rescuers" to their homes and firesides, and, led by the band, the procession marched through town, which was a glare of light from bonfires, and was vocal with cheers and ringing of bells, to the big brick church, where a dense mass of three thousand people crowded to welcome the "Rescuers." Father Keep was called to preside.

Father Keep said that they had met for the purpose of hearing from those who had just been released from jail, and concluded his remarks by introducing the Hon. Ralph Plumb, who was received with unbounded enthusiasm.

Mr. Plumb briefly stated the motives which had prompted them to remain in jail, and explained the manner of their deliverance, assuring his friends that they had come forth with their honor untarnished, and without the smell of fire upon their garments.

Prof. Peck next took the stand, and made a very impressive speech. He alluded feelingly to the different events in his own life, which made the deepest impression upon his mind, and referred particularly to the hour when, as a Christian patriot, he offered his heartfelt thanks for the delivery of the boy John from his pursuers; and then to the day when, as a criminal, he was arraigned at the bar of the U. S. Court, charged with crime in sympathizing with the oppressed, to the day when he was cast into prison, and finally to the occasion which had called out the immense audience before him. His experience had taught him that it was "not all of life to live."

The Rev. James M. Fitch next gave a brief history of their imprisonment, and recited several lessons which they had learned in the bitter school of experience. They were conscious of having acted rightly, and he should look back upon the events of the last three months, spent with his fellow-prisoners, with feelings of satisfaction, in being able, under Providence, to so conduct himself as not to bring reproach upon the cause they had aimed to vindicate.

He was followed by John Watson, who spoke with much earnestness, declaring his firm determination to aid the oppressed slave on every occasion and under all circumstances.

Wm. E. Lincoln and John H. Scott were called upon, who responded briefly, after which Henry Evans spoke with much apparent emotion of the necessity of vigilant action in guarding the citadel of Liberty from the incursions of its enemies.

He was followed by R. Windsor, who thanked his friends for their hearty welcome; after which A. W. Lyman spoke with much earnestness in justification of their conduct, and made a stirring appeal to the friends of Republicanism to bear unsullied the standard placed in their hands.

Loud calls were made for Sheriff Burr (of Lorain Co.), who was fairly forced upon the stand, and who responded briefly, explaining his connection with the kidnappers and their official friends in Elyria.

Sheriff Wightman, of Cuyahoga (Cleveland), was loudly called for, and in response spoke at some length of his connection with the persons under his care, paying them the highest compliments for the uniform and almost fatherly kindness with which he had ever been treated by them. He should ever remember them as friends, whose acquaintance, formed under circumstances of affliction, had caused him many happy hours while contributing to their comfort, and many feelings of sympathy while listening to a recital of their wrongs. He cordially invited them and their friends to make his house their home when they pleased, assuring them that he had the deepest sympathy with the cause of the slave, and the oppressed everywhere.

Geo. G. Washburn, Esq., of the *Elyria Democrat*, was next called to the stand. He was present at the great Convention of freemen in Buffalo in 1848, and heard the eloquent Charles B. Sedgwick, as he gazed over the vast multitudes, exclaim, "My eyes in their wildest dreams of fancy had never hoped to look upon a scene like this!" With truth he could adopt the language of the eloquent orator. He had watched with deep solicitude the events connected with the prosecutions which had just been abandoned by the government, and, although at times the future looked dark and gloomy, he had come here to rejoice that a glorious day had dawned upon our cause. He felt it was well the blow had fallen where it did—upon a community who had the boldness to meet it, and the discretion to act in such a manner as to result in the triumph they had met to rejoice over. He urged the friends of the slave to make a city of refuge for the oppressed in every township, and to permit no slave-hunter to enter it in pursuit of his victim.

At the conclusion of Mr. Washburn's speech, Prof. Monroe happily alluded to the fact that they had been addressed by honest men of various pursuits. There was an honest carpenter, shoemaker, professor in college, editor (strange as it may seem), and lawyer (still more wonderful)—but a stranger man than all was before them—an honest postmaster! He therefore introduced Mr. John Smith, Jr., jailer at Cleveland, and postmaster for the rescue prisoners.

Mr. Smith took the stand and explained in a very happy manner the connection he had with the Post-Office department, saying that if his services had been of any value to the prisoners, in visiting the post-office for them, they had afforded him much sincere pleasure in being able to contribute to their aid and comfort.

Father Gillett, who was long since sent home, because the government was ashamed to prosecute so venerable a patriot, was called out and made a speech which was received with unbounded enthusiasm.

During the evening a collection was taken up for the relief of the prisoners, and the choir sang with thrilling effect The Marseilleise.

Several of the speakers alluded to their fellow-prisoner Bushnell, who still had a few days to remain in jail, and promised him a hearty welcome when he returned again to his home.

It was now a quarter to 12, and still the immense audience, filling the church to its utmost capacity, remained without the appearance of fatigue. A prayer was then offered by Prof. Morgan, and the meeting closed by singing the Doxology, in which all the congregation joined.

Our sketch of the proceedings is necessarily brief, but what we lack in printing was made up in enthusiasm, which welcomed every speaker during the evening.

FEDERAL TYRANNY.—We would direct the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Messrs. John P. Jewett & Co., of Boston, in another column, from which they will learn that that enterprising firm is about to publish a history of the "Oberlin-Wellington Rescue"—a work which cannot fail to be one of deep interest and importance, as an illustration of the diabolical tyranny and cruelty of the National Government.

TWENTY-SIXTH NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY

SUBSCRIPTION-ANNIVERSARY,

IN THE MONTH OF JANUARY NEXT, IN BOSTON,
1860.

IN a year when Americans find themselves citizens of a country where the African slave trade is going on, and slave-hunting unforbidden, and sheltering the fugitive indicted as a crime, and the leading religious and political influences so dead to this public shame as to discountenance legislative reform, we are confident that we have only to open our subscription in order to be becomingly and effectually sustained by the awakening virtue of the people, in the enterprise to which our lives are given.

We entreat, then, all the friends of Liberty, and the foes of Slavery, everywhere, in the South as at the North—in Europe as in America—philosophers as well as Christians, Catholics no less than Protestants, to subscribe to a fund and a mode of expenditure which prepares the way before every sect, every party, every association; which makes all other men's anti-slavery labor light, and which has, for six and twenty years, been laying the foundations of many generations, so as to exclude slavery from American institutions, and secure to posterity those blessings of liberty which the last generation passed away without enjoying.

THE UNDERSIGNED, while asking the favor of their subscribers' company, on their customary Anniversary occasion, are impelled by the goodness and the grandeur of the enterprise, by its indispensable necessity, by the universal and fundamental character of its principles, to entreat also the assistance of *all*. The crisis in the nation's life makes the occasion—one which it will be worth crossing the ocean to participate in. And while thanking our European friends for their generous coöperation of last year with America, we ask its continuance yet a little longer, till a spirit of devotedness adequate to this great world-enterprise shall have been here awakened.

From this day forward through the year we begin to arrange our plans, organize our efforts, and economize our means, greater or smaller as the case may be, to meet this great national claim: and we desire all who would see slavery abolished, and truth, honor, peace, liberty and safety in righteousness restored, to meet us at its close, for cheer, counsel, sacrifice, resolve and generous coöperation.

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN,	LYDIA D. PARKER,
MARY MAY,	ELIZA F. EDDY,
LOUISA LORING,	ABBY FRANCIS,
ELIZA LEE FOLLEN,	SARAH RUSSELL MAY,
L. MARIA CHILD,	ABBY KELLEY FOSTER,
HENRIETTA SARGENT,	SARAH H. SOUTHWICK,
ANNE WARREN WESTON,	EVELINA A. S. SMITH,
MARY GRAY CHAPMAN,	ANN REBECCA BRAMHALL,
HELEN ELIZA GARRISON,	AUGUSTA G. KING,
SARAH SHAW RUSSELL,	ELIZABETH VON ARNIM,
FRANCES MARY ROBBINS,	ANNA SHAW GREENE,
CAROLINE WESTON,	ELIZA APTHORP,
MARY WILLEY,	ANNE LANGDON ALGER,
SARAH BLAKE SHAW,	MARY ELIZABETH SARGENT,
SUSAN C. CABOT,	MATTIE GRIFFITH,
ELIZA ANDREW.	

☞ Editors of journals friendly to the cause are, for its sake, earnestly entreated to oblige us by giving the above invitation an insertion; and our friends everywhere will confer the greatest favor on us, and a benefit to the cause and the country, by bringing it to the notice of the friends of Freedom.

PERSONAL.

Susan B. Anthony and Rev. Antoinette Brown Blackwell have made arrangements for holding, in different parts of this State, a series of Woman's Rights meetings. Their first meeting was held at Niagara Falls on the 13th.

Rev. Beriah Green has been engaged to preach in Utica the coming year. His views, though in some respects peculiar to himself, are understood to bear a general resemblance to those of Theodore Parker.

The Rev. A. Kingman Nott, pastor of the Broome street Baptist Church in New York, a man of fine talents and only 25 years of age, was drowned last week, at Perth Amboy, N. J.

Mrs. C. H. Nichols, formerly editor of the *Windham County* (Vt.) *Democrat*, is exerting herself to secure in the new Constitution of Kansas a recognition of the equal rights of woman. Her chance of success, we fear, is very small.

William H. Fry, Esq. (of *The Tribune's* editorial staff), delivered an oration on the Fourth at Scranton, Pa. Twenty thousand people are said to have been gathered on the occasion. Mr. Fry discussed a variety of topics in his peculiar style of argument and eloquence, and so much to the satisfaction of his audience that, after he had once concluded, they insisted upon his making a supplemental speech.

Dr. Marie E. Zakrzewska (pronounced Sacsheffska), who has been connected with the New York Infirmary for Women and Children since it was first established, has gone to Boston to superintend a similar institution there, to be connected with the New England Female Medical College. Dr. Zakrzewska's removal from New York is deeply regretted by a large circle of friends, who appreciate not only her high professional attainments, but those fine social and womanly traits which cannot fail to win the admiration of all who are so fortunate as to be associated with her.

The Liberator publishes the report of Lola Montez's speech on slavery, which appeared in this paper last week, and says:

"To the impudent claim set up by Lola Montez, of acquaintanceship with Mr. Phillips and ourself, we have only to say that we have never seen, and certainly have no desire to see, her, and we presume the same is true of Mr. Phillips. We do not believe she ever attended an anti-slavery meeting in this country, except possibly in disguise. The language she attributes to us we never uttered; for with us Christianity and Abolitionism have always been identical. Mr. Phillips has most justly 'pronounced the Union a curse,' but he has never said that 'he could not thank God for having given to America freedom and Washington.' To such an advocate as Lola Montez, the slave-drivers of the South are entirely welcome."

A correspondent of *The Christian Advocate and Journal*, reporting the exercises at the anniversary of the Providence Conference Seminary, gives a free description of the Rev. E. H. Chapin, of New York, the orator of one of the literary societies. After speaking in very high terms of the lecture, the subject of which was True Nobility, the writer says:

"The personal appearance and attire of Dr. Chapin are anything but clerical or literary; height rather below the medium; rotundity more than enough for the demands, or the comfortable locomotion, of any reasonable man; and face that looks much more like earnest devotion to the dinner table than to the student's sanctum. Had we met him at random, without previous knowledge of the man, we might have guessed him to be a thrifty dealer in lager beer to the Dutch of New York, and a dealer who never recommended the contents of a new barrel to his customers before himself had well tested its merits."

Charles C. Burleigh was the orator of the "Adelphian Society" at the recent anniversary of the Providence (Methodist) Conference Seminary. A correspondent of *The Christian Advocate and Journal* speaks of his oration in very high terms, as follows:

"We have heard every lecture that has yet been given in the chapel of the new building of the Providence Conference Seminary, and we hesitate not to affirm it as our judgment that, in all the essential elements that go into a literary production, delivery excepted, that of Mr. Burleigh, given on the afternoon of Tuesday, must take first rank. The subject of the address was, *The golden age not in the past, but in the future, and possible for man.* This was really a great, an elaborate and a finished production. Copious notes lay before the speaker, but were rarely referred to. The lecture bore conclusive evidence of patient research, hard thinking on the part of a mind of far more than ordinary capacity. None other than the most cultivated mind could have produced an effort so elegant in style, imagery and language. That production might have been put in type as it fell from the lips of the speaker, and the most critical reader of the printed page would scarcely have been able to discover the first flaw in what was spread before him. Could Mr. Burleigh be prevailed upon to attend to his personal appearance like other men of respectability, he would soon shine with more than common radiance in literary circles and in refined society. Mr. Burleigh is a man of fine mind, of fine education, and of fine literary taste; but, very unfortunately both for himself and the public, he is an 'odd genius.'"

"THE RESCUER."—The Oberlin Rescuers, just before their release from the Cleveland jail, and when they expected to endure a long imprisonment, commenced the publication of a semi-monthly paper with the above title. The first number (and probably the last) is before us. Two of their number being printers, and more of them knowing how to use the pen, the work was all done in the jail, the keeper kindly favoring their project. The paper presents a very creditable appearance, and if the occasion for its publication had not passed away upon the release of its projectors, it would, we doubt not, have attained a large circulation. We do not wonder that the United States Government was glad to find an excuse for setting at liberty men who turned even their jail into a moral armory of freedom, and whose free thoughts were feeding the fires of a revolution which must ere long whelm the supporters and apologists of slavery in utter disgrace and ruin.

A WORD OF CHEER FROM ENGLAND.—We have a letter from Mr. F. W. CHESSON, dated at London, June 29th, from which we make this gratifying extract:

"Mr. Thompson, I am happy to say, is still on the road to recovery. The paralysis still lingers in his hands, but I think he will, in time, completely recover. I wish very much that both he and I could have attended your magnificent anniversary meetings. I pray that you may achieve still greater successes, and be rewarded with an early victory. You will have seen from the papers I have sent that we have not been idle in anti-slavery matters in London. We have formed an Emancipation Committee to coöperate with the American Anti-Slavery Society; Miss Remond has delivered an admirable address on the slavery question; and we intend to hold a first of August commemoration meeting."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PICTURES OF COUNTRY LIFE. By ALICE CARY, author of "Clovernook," "Married, not Mated," &c. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1859.

Among the female writers of this country, the author of this unpretending but really excellent volume holds an honorable place—a place which she has won by perseverance and energy, and in spite of many and serious obstacles to the best exercise of her powers. She excels in description of the scenes and characters of every day life, and her peculiar power perhaps is better illustrated in this than in any of her previous works. One cannot read a single page without perceiving that the author measures life and character by a high standard, and that her effort is not merely to amuse, but to instruct, ennoble and refine her readers; and yet we find no prosy, obtrusive moralizing, but natural pictures of people in the ordinary relations of life, and charming descriptions of scenes and events, sometimes pathetic, sometimes ludicrous, but always appealing to what is highest and best in every human soul. The volume contains thirteen distinct stories, of which we give the titles:

1. Lem Lyon.
2. Passages from the Married Life of Eleanor Holmes.
3. The Outcast.
4. Hasty Words and their Apology.
5. Sarah Morris.
6. The House with two Front Doors.
7. Uncle John's Story.
8. Making the Children Something.
9. The Apple Cutting.
10. Eliza Anderson.
11. Mrs. Walden's Confidant.
12. The Country Cousin.
13. An Old Maid's Story.

We are glad to observe that this book has been thought worthy of republication in England. If the reader would know how it has passed the ordeal of British criticism, we refer him to the review, on our fourth page, from the London *Literary Gazette*.

NEW STAR PAPERS; or, Views and Experiences of Religious Subjects. By HENRY WARD BEECHER. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1859.

The characteristics of Mr. Beecher's contributions to *The Independent* are too well understood by our readers to require description here. Among the papers in this volume is the one entitled "Working with Errorists," in which he defends himself for fraternizing, on ethical grounds, with Theodore Parker. It also contains his speech, delivered in the Church of the Puritans, last May, reviewing the course of the American Tract Society. Mr. B., treats no subject comprehensively and thoroughly, and his logic is often sadly at fault, but he handles every question with such freedom, directness and energy, and his spirit is so healthy, genial and high-toned, that the masses hear him and read his productions with ever increasing wonder and delight.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE is peculiarly valuable at the present time as a repository of facts and reflections concerning the war in Italy. The views of the leading journals of Europe are promptly put on record in its pages. No. 789 contains a likeness of Agassiz, with a sketch of his life. Boston: Littell, Son and Co.

TWENTY-FOURTH

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR,

AND

NATIONAL BAZAAR.

THE Committee of Management of this well-known Fair, in making their annual announcement, have, this year, to advertise a new arrangement which they have made for the promotion of that great cause in aid of which their Bazaar has been annually held for nearly a quarter of a century. It is that our next Bazaar is to be National in its character, and not, as heretofore, a Pennsylvania institution alone.

The National Anti-Slavery Bazaar, which has been held, in the city of Boston, during many years, and has been so widely and favorably known on both sides of the Atlantic, having given place to another method of obtaining funds for our cause, it has been judged a wise measure that the Pennsylvania Fair should be now made National in its character. As our whole enterprise, in all its departments, is truly one, and best known, both at home and abroad, by the name of the American Anti-Slavery Society and its affiliations, it is sufficient to announce that one-half of the profits of our Fair will be put into the treasury of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and the other half, under the direction of its auxiliaries, will be used for the promotion of our cause, in Pennsylvania.

It can scarcely be necessary even to advert to the character of the means by which our enterprise is conducted, so well are they known, both at home and abroad. It is sufficient to say that in the weapons with which we commenced this conflict, and which have, in all ages, proved "mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds" of evil, we confidently trust for complete victory. Still less is it needful that, in such an announcement as this, we should enter on an exposition of our well-known principles. We call upon all who love and value those principles to aid us in their dissemination.

To the friends of our cause in Europe, whose generous gifts have for many years been made to the Boston Bazaar, we say, let your contributions of money be devoted to our cause, through the medium of the Boston Anti-Slavery Festival, which has taken the place of that Bazaar; and permit us, if you please, to be the recipients of your other gifts which have been annually sent in various forms of articles of merchandise, to our coadjutors in Massachusetts. These products of your industry and taste and skill, these contributions from the shops and warehouses of your artisans and manufacturers, we can transmute to money, which money we shall receive as a sacred trust from you, to be appropriated, with our utmost fidelity and wisdom, to the abolition of American slavery.

To our friends and coadjutors at home, whose willing hearts and active hands have ever been quick to aid us in this department of our labor, we need to make but one suggestion. We merely remind them that as our Fair is, this year, to have a broader basis, and to extend its operations, it will require of us all somewhat larger gifts than heretofore, of labor, time, or money, according to our ability.

Our Bazaar will be opened in CONCERT HALL, in the City of Philadelphia, on Monday, the 12th, and will continue until Saturday, the 17th day of December, 1859. Contributions of money or of articles of merchandise will be gratefully received, and may be sent, at any time, to the Philadelphia Anti-Slavery Office, No. 107 North Fifth street, or to any member of the Committee. We trust that our friends, in the city and country, will be prompt in assuring us of their hearty and active coöperation.

The present aspects of our cause are full of encouragement; abounding proofs that our past labors have not been in vain bid us be of good cheer, while the magnitude of the work before us urges us onward to new toils and greater victories.

SARAH PUGH,	EMILY W. TAYLOR,
ANNA M. CHILD,	EVELINA SUPPLEE,
MARIA M. DAVIS,	EMMA PARKER,
REBECCA S. HART,	MARTHA KIMBER,
MARY GREW,	CLEMENTINE G. JOHN,
SARAH PIERCE,	SARAH KENDERDINE,
HULDAH JUSTICE,	ANNA M. HOPPER,
ABBY KIMBER,	ELIZABETH GAY,
RACHEL WILSON,	LYDIA GILLINGHAM,
LUCRETIA MOTT,	JANETTE JACKSON,
SARAH C. HALLOWELL,	MARGARETTA FORTEN,
MARTHA A. GALVIN,	MARGARET A. GRISCOM,
ANNIE SHOEMAKER,	GULIELMA M. JONES,
ELLEN M. CHILD,	SARAH K. GILLINGHAM,
SARAH A. MCKIM,	AGNES CRAIN,
REBECCA PLUMLY,	HARRIET D. PURVIS,
LYDIA WHITE,	MARY T. STICKNEY,
MARGARET J. BURLEIGH,	SUSAN W. SHAW,
ROSANNA THOMPSON,	ELIZABETH CLENDENNON,
HANNAH L. STICKNEY,	MARIA CONKLIN,
MARY SHAW,	SARAH S. CHILD.

TRACTS FOR THE TIMES.

WE ask the particular attention of the friends of the Anti-Slavery cause to the following new series of tracts, just issued by the AMERICAN and MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETIES. They afford an excellent opportunity and means of aiding the cause, and of disseminating its great truths and principles. A little money expended in them may be made to accomplish a great good. These tracts may all be had at the following low prices: by the *hundred*, $2; *dozen*, 30 cts.; *single*, 3 cts. Apply at the Anti-Slavery Offices, 21 Cornhill, Boston, and 138 Nassau street, New York.

GREAT AUCTION SALE OF SLAVES AT SAVANNAH, GEORGIA. Reported for *The Tribune*.

PRESENT CONDITION OF THE FREE COLORED PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES. By Rev. James Freeman Clarke.

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS, before the Committee on Federal Relations, of the Massachusetts Legislature, in behalf of the Petition for a Law against Slave-hunting.

NO FETTERS IN THE BAY STATE. Speech of Wm. Lloyd Garrison on the same occasion.

SPEECH OF CHARLES C. BURLEIGH at the Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society—"No Slave-hunting in the Old Bay State."

SPEECH OF REV. HENRY BLEBY, Missionary to Barbadoes, on the Results of Emancipation in the British West India Colonies.

SLAVERY AND THE AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS. By C. K. W.

THE AMECRIAN TRACT SOCIETY, BOSTON. By C. K. W.

Summary.

A LONG DRIVE WITH A PAIR OF ELK.—The *Cleveland Leader* announces the arrival in that city of Mr. George Raymond, all the way from Salt Lake City, via Cherry Creek mines and Kansas, having come the entire distance, driving a span of elk before a wagon. The elk in question are only three years old, an age at which horses are not at all fit for use, yet Mr. Raymond assures us that he actually travelled as fast as 100 miles in a single day. Mr. R. is on his way to Vermont with his novel team. The elk have now upon their heads horns three feet in length, which have been only six weeks in growing.

GOVERNOR CHASE'S FARM.—The last Dayton (Ohio) *Empire* contains the following:

"The wheat crop in the Miami Valley was never better, or secured in better order, the most of it being already cut below Dayton. We were told that on Governor Chase's large farm below Hamilton, his wheat fields yield forty bushels per acre, and his corn, oats, barley, grass, &c., are very promising. Corn, this warm weather, fairly snaps; it grows so fast you can, we were told by good authority, hear and see it grow!"

DANIEL E. SICKLES, *The Tribune* is credibly informed from various sources, has become entirely reconciled with his wife, and is now living with her in marital relations as before the death of the late Philip Barton Key. It is said that, in taking this remarkable step, Mr. Sickles has alienated himself from most, if not all, of those personal and political friends who devotedly adhered to him during his recent imprisonment and trial. It is probable, however, that he has only fulfilled the promise to his wife by which she was induced to make the confession which alone saved him from conviction as a murderer.

FREEDOM AT THE SOUTH.—We are sorry to state that we have subscribers in some parts of Louisiana that say they "would not dare to let it be known to some of the slaveholders there that they are supporters of *The Free South*, only at the peril of their lives." What will Russia or Spain or Turkey say to this? What does honest patriotism here say to it? What does the Free State party in Kentucky say to it? Russian despots are not so bad as American slave masters, and yet the professed Democracy condemn the former and support the latter. When men can be advocates of freedom only at the peril of their lives in America, it is certainly time to begin to think of what must be done.—*Ky. Free South.*

EDITING.—The *Index* speaks of being much amused at the relation of a case by the late John L. Waller. He, with his characteristic humor, gave the following incidents:

A plain brother who was very anxious to write for the *Western Recorder*—the paper of which, at the time, Dr. Waller had charge—had often expressed his desire, without much encouragement, but was finally told to write, and the article should appear. He wrote, but, said the Doctor, "SUCH A MESS!" But supposing that one effort would satisfy his correspondent, he put the article in shape, gave it a point, thought and connection, and next week the brother saw it under his signature. He came to the editor under a glow of delight, and said, "Why, brother Waller, I did not know I could write so well! I MUST WRITE AGAIN!"

ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS.—*Naples, June* 14.—Amidst the excitement and the conflagration of war, Vesuvius will urge its claims on public attention. Its forges are now more active than those of the nations united which now are applying the resources of science to the construction of weapons for human destruction. The mountain beats them all; and, with the quiet assurance of undisputed power, hourly it is laying waste the rich lands growing with all the promise of harvest. Any one who looks at it from Naples observes a large river of fire actually flowing, but apparently arrested and attached to the side of Vesuvius. Within the last three months it has increased wonderfully in proportion; it is no longer a rill, it is a sheet of fire; it has risen and overflowed its banks, and God help the poor small proprietors who have invested their all in little portions of land now incrusted with lava.

A FATHER RUNNING OFF WITH HIS FAMILY.—On Saturday last an old negro man of Steubenville, named Tom Snowden, in connection with one or two other sable gentlemen of that place, hitched up a conveyance and went to West Liberty, in this county, for the purpose of carrying away a slave girl and her child, mother and brother, the property of Josiah Chapline. The old man, Snowden, is the father of the family. In the evening the family was sent down to the mouth of a lane some distance from the house, where they were to take a carriage which was provided for the purpose. Some of the citizens of the vicinity, having observed the colored folks during the day, decided to watch their movements, and so intercepted the carriage as it was moving away with its load. The citizens demanded a halt under a penalty of cold lead. When the two parties came together, it is said, the old man Snowden fought desperately, and was several times knocked down before he would yield. All the negroes engaged in the affair, slave and free, were arrested and committed to jail by a magistrate, brought to this city, and safely confined for trial.—*Wheeling (Va.) Intelligencer, 7th.*

BLONDIN CROSSES NIAGARA RIVER WITH A SACK ON HIS HEAD.—Yesterday afternoon M. Blondin again crossed the Niagara on a rope and returned, in presence of more than ten thousand people. He started from White's Pleasure Grounds, and first walked down the rope nearly one hundred feet backward. He then returned, took his balancing-pole, and walked to the Canada side. He proposed to put on a sack before leaving the American side, but his friends there refused to permit him to do so. The sack was sent round to the Canada end of the rope, and M. Blondin put it over his head and returned with it to the place of starting. This sack was made of Indian blankets, with places cut for his arms. He had no difficulty in crossing thus blindfolded, except that his balancing-pole caught two or three times in the guy-ropes. He laid down upon the rope in the sack, and performed some other feats.

A young man at present residing in this city called upon us this morning to show a letter addressed to M. Blondin, accepting his invitation to carry some one across the Niagara on a rope. The name of this person is Henry L. Young, and he informs M. Blondin that he is 24 years old, is five feet five inches high, weighs 120 pounds, and is ready to mount the back of the intrepid walker and be borne across the great chasm.—*Rochester Union, July 5.*

PLAYING BALL.—A matched game of ball formed a part of the celebration of the Fourth at Jefferson, Ohio. The *Ashtabula Sentinel* says: "The players were selected, fourteen on a side, by Judge Dann and A. Warren, Esq., the choice players of the village. The party winning the first hundred scores was to be the victor. The chiefs cast lots for the first "inning," and at it they went. At seventy-six, they were precisely even—each party losing and each winning an *inning* at that point without a tally. When one side had reached 97 and the other 98, a question arose which the judges declared they could not decide satisfactorily to themselves; and they advised the parties to go back to 76 and cast lots for the *inning*, and play it out. This they agreed to, when the luck appeared to run in favor of Judge Dann's party, who won the game by eleven scores. There were 13 innings without a tally. The highest number of scores was made by Joshua R. Giddings, a young chap of sixty-four, who led the field, having made a tally as often as the club came to his hand."

John R. Anderson, formerly a Deputy U. S. Marshal in Cincinnati, has been found engaged in a conspiracy to effect the escape of a murderer from the Ross Co., Ohio, jail. He was the defeated candidate for Sheriff of the County at the last election; and after the escape of the murderer (as it happened, without the agency of Anderson, others anticipating his movements and thus depriving him of the reward which the murderer's father had agreed to pay), his Democratic friends were heard to lament that he had not been chosen instead of the Republican candidate; for in that case, they said, such an event would not have happened! The evidence, however, was soon revealed that he was the very scoundrel selected by the murderer's father to effect his release. The Ohio *State Journal* says: "Anderson is the same Deputy U. S. Marshal who figured so conspicuously in the Connelly case, in Cincinnati, in 1857, and is said to be the individual who shot the poor negro fugitive in the building on Vine street. He is said to be the one who, upon being defeated last fall as the Administration candidate for Sheriff of Ross County, was consoled by 'J. B.,' who gave him a contract for manufacturing munitions of war at Portsmouth."

DEATH FROM THE BITE OF A RATTLESNAKE.—The Cincinnati *Gazette* of the 8th instant states that Mr. James Wright, formerly of that city, died on the 5th, at Vanceburg, of the bite of a rattlesnake. He was turning over a log in the woods, on the 4th, when the snake suddenly sprung at him and struck its fangs into the back of his hand. Alarmed at the probable consequences, he immediately started for the town, and ran the entire distance, four miles. The heat, fatigue and excitement of course allowed the poison to circulate through his system and make sure of its deadly work. By the time he reached Vanceburg he was utterly blind, and his body and head were covered with spots of the same color of those of the rattlesnake. The usual remedies were immediately resorted to and every effort made by the attendant physicians to neutralize the poison, but without effect. He continued to sink rapidly and expired between three and four o'clock next morning. In preparing the body to be laid out a singular phenomenon presented itself. In addition to the spots referred to, there was a picture of the snake itself—perfect in shape and color, and as distinct as if daguerreotyped there—extending from the point on his hand where the fangs had struck, up the arm to the shoulder and then down the side to the groin.

REV. CHARLES G. FINNEY.—The Cleveland *Herald* quotes what it calls a very good story of the Rev. Mr. Finney, the revivalist preacher, now President of Oberlin College. *The Herald* says that any one who has listened to the colloquial style that Mr. Finney indulges in when he addresses the Throne of Grace can readily imagine the anecdote to be true to the letter. It is as follows:

"On one occasion, in the midst of prayer, the Professor is said to have thus introduced himself to the notice of the Lord: 'And here, O Lord, is thy servant, Prof. Finney, ready and anxious to be used up in thy service, but we pray thee, if consistent with thy will, let him be used up as economically as possible.' In the same effort, the Professor thus took off Prof. Morgan: 'And here, Lord, is Brother John Morgan; Lord, thou knowest he has more sense than all of us, but, O Lord, he is so lazy.' At another time, while in the midst of a discourse, Brother Morgan entered the church behind time, with a pair of new boots, which squeaked horribly as he walked up the aisle. The Professor abruptly stopped in the middle of a sentence, turned and cut down Brother John Morgan with 'Brother Morgan, where did you get those boots?'"

Mr. Finney, as is well known, many years since, was a resident of Jefferson County, N. Y., where he once preached in B——, in that county, and was in the habit of going round from house to house exhorting and praying. Being one of the clergymen—of whom the world has many—who think serious things in season, on all occasions and in every place, and of those, too, who think the house always open, from front door to kitchen-pantry, for the minister, Mr. Finney made his way into the domicil of one of his flock, and finally brought up in the kitchen, where the good house-wife was preparing a pot luck dinner. Mr. Finney's entrance, so inopportune and so unseasonable, disconcerted the good woman, who stopped in her cooking; but Finney, appreciating the value of promptitude in dinner as well as constancy in prayer, mixed up business with religion by immediately saying, "In with your cabbage, sister, and then let's to prayer."

NOT "SMALL POTATOES."—A clergyman, who returned from San Jose to Connecticut a few years ago, gave a lecture, after his return, on the products of California. Among other marvels, he told the following potato story:

A family, consisting of twelve persons, sat down to dinner, with one potato served up in its appropriate dish. They all partook of it in connection with other food; and after they had finished, enough was left of the potato to supply several other persons at the kitchen table; and this was *the smaller* of two potatoes that were brought in at the same time for the field!

On the following Sabbath, when our clerical friend was to occupy the pulpit, a venerable deacon, noted for his punctuality, was absent from his post. After the service, numbers of persons, fearing he was sick, repaired anxiously to his house. But no! He was in perfect health. But he had heard the potato lecture, and it was his firm conviction that any man who would tell such a tremendous story about a potato was not fit to preach the Gospel, and so he staid at home.

You old fogies in the Atlantic States don't believe such tales about the products of California. You are excusable, for, in the words of the song, "Potatoes they grow small over there, over there." But one thing is certain, no man ever came to California without believing them. At my own table, I have had one potato served up for a family of six persons, who ate freely of it without finishing it. In the same sack, which was taken without examination from a large lot, were several others of the like size. These large potatoes are of an excellent quality. Not one in a hundred of them has any defect at the core. The cook tells you that potatoes in California require a much longer time to boil than in the Atlantic States. Often they are so dry and mealy that it is absolutely impossible to prevent their crumbling to pieces in the pot. All our seasons are not alike favorable to their perfect development. But the crop is a sure one—it never fails.—*California Cor. of The Century.*

THE LATE RAILROAD DISASTER.—W. J. Hawkes, of Charlestown, Va., in giving an account of the recent disaster upon the Michigan Southern Railroad, in which 40 persons were killed, after stating that he was a passenger, and that he was swept forty yards down the stream from where the train was precipitated into it, says:

"On reaching the shore I stumbled over a man—turned and found him alive—I asked him his name. He replied 'Walworth.' I could not raise him, and went to the cars for assistance, passing ten or twelve dead bodies on the beach. Arriving at the wreck, I found some one had procured a light—returned and found Walworth dead. He was a large, fine-looking old gentleman. I afterwards assisted his son in his last moments. The first thing that arrested my attention on entering the car that I had left was that I was standing on a pile of dead bodies. One man I thought alive and gazing into my face. I turned the lamp around, and the glazed eye of death told me that all was over. A lady had her arm clasped around his neck, with a frightful wound in her head, her feet caught and crushed in the wheels of the car. At their feet lay a beautiful boy, with his head severed from his body as close as it could have been done by the guillotine. Some were just in the pangs of death. Others, caught and crushed by the falling timbers, begged me to kill them and put them out of their misery. There was a lady going to meet her husband, with her daughter, six years old, and a babe at her breast. The mother and little girl were killed. The mother had clasped the babe in such a manner that it was unhurt. The ground was strewed with heads, arms, legs and dead bodies. I saw several with their backs broken and their lower limbs paralyzed, writhing in the sand. Some of them would clutch me as I passed with a grasp from which it was almost impossible to free myself. Several beautiful boys and girls were taken from the water and laid upon the bank. They were drowned, but looked beautiful in death. Others were crushed between the wheels, with their faces and hands upturned in a supplicating manner. I passed a woman who begged me to find her children.' She was crying, 'Oh! my dear family! oh, my six children!' Both of her legs were crushed off below the knee. She lived ten or fifteen minutes. I afterwards assisted in taking two of her children from the wreck, dead. Two more fine boys of hers were found—one with his leg cut off; the other had lost an arm, and both were living when I left."

MARRIED.

TAYLOR—MCGRATH.—At Moneka, Kansas, on the 30th of June, 1859, by Rev. Josiah Lamb, Mr. E. L. Taylor, formerly of Chester Co., Pa., to Miss Mary A. McGrath, formerly of Lafayette, Indiana.

DIED.

BURTON.—In Albany, N. Y., on the 7th inst., Jane Patton Burton.

In the death of our friend, we have again been called upon to part with one of the few who comprehended and lived a true anti-slavery life. L. M.

WILLIAMS.—On Saturday, July 2d, after a lingering illness, which he bore with Christian fortitude and resignation, Mr. Frank Williams, in the 56th year of his age.

Frank was born in Georgia, and had resided in this city about twelve years. He was born a slave, and continued in that relation until he had earned, by his industry and enterprise, sufficient means to pay his master the price demanded for him, and then caused his legal ownership to be transferred to Col. William Cumming, of Augusta, Georgia, under whose guidance he soon acquired the means to purchase his wife—a servant of the Hon. Charles J. Jenkins—his children, and his mother and brother. He continued to reside in Augusta, trusted and respected by its citizens, among whom he could number as his warm friends all of its most distinguished men, until he had accumulated a competency, when he transferred his residence to this city, where, by his enterprise and good judgment, he added materially to his fortune. During his residence in Philadelphia he has been a prominent member of the Baptist Church, and has done much towards the advancement of his colored brethren. He has passed from among us, honored and respected by all that knew him, having faithfully fulfilled while here his duties as a Christian, a citizen, and the head of a family. He leaves to mourn his loss a mother, a wife, and a number of children.—*Philadelphia North American and United States Gazette, July 4.*

Special Notices.

☞ A CALL FOR A CONVENTION OF THE COLORED CITIZENS OF THE NEW ENGLAND STATES.—Fellow-Citizens: We issue this call to invite you to attend a Convention to be held in the city of Boston, commencing at 10 o'clock, on Monday, the 1st day of August, 1859.

The primary object we have in view is to take into consideration the Moral, Social and Political elevation of those with whom we are indentified, by complexion and condition, in the New England and other States.

In all except five of the Eastern States the colored citizens are deprived of the privilege of voting on equal terms with the whites.

Free suffrage is the basis of a free government, the safeguard of a free people, the strength of the strong, the defence of the weak, a powerful auxiliary to respectability, wealth and usefulness; and just in proportion as men are deprived of this, they are shorn of their strength, and are subject to poverty, disgrace and abuse.

We are convinced, fellow-citizens, that not only our political, but our depressed condition in all other respects, in the Free States, is owing in a great degree to the fact that we are politically weak, not possessing the unrestricted use of the elective franchise. The national body politic see in us nothing to fear, and no favors to court.

We therefore urge upon colored men, in all sections of New England, to evince their self-respect and love of freedom, a desire to promote their moral, social and political elevation, by assembling at the above time—a day consecrated by the desire and successful example of Great Britain emancipating 800,000 men, women and children, in her West India colonies, and hence eminently suggestive to us to strive in securing equality to the half free colored citizens of the Northern States, and thus hasten the day of full emancipation to the millions yet groaning in the Southern prison-house of our country.

We cordially invite our brethren from New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and the far West, to meet with us, that the cause of our several grievances may be discussed, and the remedy sought.

With the exception of Connecticut, the New England States have magnanimously acknowledged our political rights, and great progress has been made in our moral and social elevation within the past twenty-five years. But let us, fellow-citizens, extend the words of encouragement to our brethren struggling in other States, until the rights of colored Americans shall be granted and respected everywhere.

This call issued by authority of a public meeting held at Bethel Church, Boston, Tuesday, May 3, 1859.

Committee.

WILLIAM WELLS BROWN,	JEREMIAH HALVEY,
LEWIS HAYDEN,	JOHN J. SMITH,
WILLIAM C. NELL,	NELSON L. PERKINS,
	HENRY WEEDEN.

MARK R. DEMORTIE, } *Secretaries.*
GEORGE L. RUFFIN,

☞ BAYARD TAYLOR has consented to Lecture, on "Life in the North," at Longwood meeting-house, on Sunday, the 17th inst., at 3 p. m.

Appropriate Music will precede and follow the address.

Admittance, 20 cents; children 10 cents. The proceeds to be appropriated to aid in the purchase of grounds adjoining Longwood. Those who desire to secure seats should be punctual at the hour.

Advertisements.

FEDERAL TYRANNY!

Thirty-seven Men, Lawyers, Doctors, Ministers, Legislators and Men of Business arrested and dragged to a Felon's Prison; their only offence being a compliance with those divine injunctions, "Feed the hungry and clothe the naked," and "As ye would that others should do to you do ye even so to them."

WE HAVE IN PRESS,

And shall publish about the 20th of July,

A COMPLETE HISTORY

OF THE

OBERLIN-WELLINGTON RESCUE,

and the cruel persecution of the noble men who chose to obey God rather than man. A most infamous chapter in American History, which succeeding generations will wish to have expunged. This volume comprises a full account of the rescue, arrests, incarceration and trials.

READ IT, AMERICANS,

and MOURN over your country's degradation; scatter it broadcast over the land, that a SLAVOCRATIC NATION may see the depth of depravity and wickedness into which it has fallen, and arouse, repent and reform.

We want 1,000 active, whole-souled Agents to sell this book. Price 50 cents, $4 50 per dozen and $33 per 100 in paper covers, and 75 cents bound in cloth.

JOHN P. JEWETT, & CO.,
PUBLISHERS,
20 Washington street, Boston.

PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS.—Proceedings of the Pennsylvania Yearly Meeting for 1859 for sale at the Anti-Slavery Offices in New York, Philadelphia and Boston. Price 15 cents. Persons sending 6 3ct. stamps to Oliver Johnson, 5 Beekman street, New York, will receive a copy post-paid.

Miscellaneous Department.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

INDEPENDENCE DAY.

THIS is the people's fancied jubilee!
To worship stars and stripes the crowds go down;
They throng the village street, o'erwhelm the town,
And idly boast themselves a nation free.
This is poor Freedom's saddest effigy!
The patriot must weep, the Christian frown,
The gentle leave the pageant to the clown,
In shame that this and that together be—
This licensed liberty, that cruel thrall;
This mockery of good, that soul of ill;
Hypocrisy, unmasked, hath here her fill,
While angels weep o'er the tremendous fall.
Oh may their tears bedew and rust the chain,
Till Freedom's self shall rise, and live again.

Milney, July 4, 1859. A. P. C.

A LETTER HOME.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

VILLAGE OF ——, June 25th, 1859.

MY DEAR SISTER: I promised when I left you that I would try to tell you something, now and then, of my uncle's family, and how we spend our time in this quiet little village. My diary has been looked over this morning to see if anything of interest could be therein discovered; and if you think your sister's letter rather uninteresting, you must excuse her, since she has done what she could.

There are only five of us—uncle and aunt, Ellen, who is now about fourteen, Fanny, who is twenty, and myself. It has rained incessantly for the last week, so we have been unable to go out, but we have been by no means lacking in active exercise, as we skip rope, play battledore and graces, and dance the polka-redowa every morning. We tried *Les Lanciers*, with chairs to make out the set, but it didn't answer very well. Fanny and I read German together every day. We were reading this morning a book of German poems, by various authors, and she has made a translation of one of them for me, to send to you, and here it is.

MAN.

From the German of Schreiber.

Thrust into the world, deserted,
Standeth man from all apart;
Winds are howling, tempests raging,
Naught is near unto his heart.

Lovingly the stars call to him,
Lovingly the blossoms call;
"Look not sad into the distant,
Thou belongest to us all!"

Then he clasped, with deepest longing,
Earth and heaven to his breast,
And in tear-drops, warm and gentle,
Love dissolved his sad unrest.

Winter now lays waste the meadows,
Every flower its grave has found,
But his wanderer-staff he planteth,
Calmly trustful, in the ground;

And, with ever-hopeful spirit,
Looks up to the stars on high,
And the little tender blossoms
Bud from out the wood so dry.

Now his path's companions leave him
Perils stern to face alone;
Now the ice of age o'erwhelms him,
And his toils are shared by none.

Anxiously he seeks the threshold
Where his cradle erst did stand;
But the place is strange—and no one,
Greeting, offers him a hand.

Up to the blue heavens he gazes,
Quiet trust upon his brow;
"Ne'er again my youth returneth,
And my course is finished now.

"Envious Time much spoil devoureth,
Yet not all shall pass away;
One there is whom I confide in,
One the stars behold alway.

"I can live with hope confiding,
From the darkness light doth start;
And I see the heavens open,
When in death shall break my heart."

In looking over some old books in my uncle's library, a few days since, I found a geography, published in London in 1808, from which I copied the following account of Vermont. One would be puzzled, I think, if he were to try to find the State from this description.

"The State of Vermont is a vast country, situated east of New Hampshire, south of Massachusetts, and west of New York. It is 155 miles in length, and 60 in breadth. The capital of the State is Bennington.

"The Allens are the chiefs, or head men, of the country. It is governed by its own laws, independent of Congress and the States. Hitherto it has been an object of contention between the States of New York and New Hampshire. The people had for a long time no other name than Green Mountain Boys, which they Gallicized into Verdmont, and afterwards corrupted into the easier pronunciation of Vermont."

One of our evening amusements was new to me, and, as it is quite a pleasant one, I will try to describe it to you. All sit around a table, and each writes some question on a slip of paper, folds it, and passes it to the next, who writes a word on the outside. The papers are then put in a heap in the centre of the table, and each person chooses one and is required to give a poetical (?) answer to the question therein contained, being also obliged to bring into his verses the word written on the outside of the paper. I send you two specimens, warning you that the words are not always as manageable as these were.

Question: Where is Sir John Franklin? *Word:* Arctic.

The brave Sir John in *Arctic* ice lies dead;
Sea-gulls and auks are flying o'er his head;
O that some daring soul might find the spot
Where now he lies, though hidden, not forgot.

Question: What song did the sirens sing? *Word:* O, Susanna.

Who'd e'er have thought that wise Ulysses' ear,
When, to the main-mast tied, he strove to hear
The siren's song float o'er the briny main,
Listened to "*O, Susanna's*" plaintive strain!

I send the above as illustrations of the game, not as *poetry*, you will please remember.

Last evening Fanny permitted me to peep into her portfolio, and I send you a copy of one of the sketches I found there. It was published a good while ago, in Grace Greenwood's *Little Pilgrim*, a charming little paper, which Ellen takes; but, as we do not have it at home, I know that it will be new to you. This will fill my sheet, so I shall bid you goodbye for the present.

THE VIOLET'S SOUL...A FABLE.

Once upon a time there was a sweet little violet. It dwelt in a beautiful dell by the edge of a laughing brook that rippled merrily through the sedge, and it smiled up through its dark green leaves toward the overarching trees and the bright blue sky, over which the white, fleecy clouds sailed peacefully, and listened to the merry songs of the birds at sunrise and sunset; and when, at eventide, the pale moon shone down through the tree-tops, it softly closed its blue eyes and was lulled to sleep by the plaintive notes of the nightingale on the wild rose-tree. But the little flower was fading, and the sun arose one morning to behold its sweet blue eyes closed forever, and the withered blossom lying dead upon the grass. But its *soul* had entered into a lofty soaring lark, mounting exultant from his lowly nest as he carolled forth his blithe matin song. But time passed on, and the lark could no longer trill his morning lay; and when he folded his bright wings and died, there gleamed a new star in the clear evening sky, for the soul of the up-soaring lark had mounted still higher toward his beloved sun.

But a comet passed through the skies and shattered the bright star, and its soul passed far down into the depths of the sea, where dwell the mermaids. It stole into their caves and entered the form of one of those fair Undines, now soul-endowered; and when the bright moonlight was silvering the crested waves and the rocky ledges upon the shore, then the mermaidens floated hand in hand over the surface of the waters, and, as they "twined the links o' yellow hair," they sang wild, weird melodies, that floated far over land and sea, startling the lonely traveller or the bold fisherman, as the silvery tones fell upon his ear. Long years rolled away, and the sweet voice of the sea-nymphs was hushed in death, and the Violet's soul passed into a heatherbell, waving on a windy hillside of bonnie Scotland. Here it bloomed through the happy summer-time, and the heath fowl talked with it, and the birds sang to it their gladdest songs, till the icy winter spread its mantle of snow over the wide, brown moors and heather-crowned hills, and the flower-soul entered one of the mighty pines that whisper together in the rugged passes of the Swiss Alps.

I cannot tell you all the transmigrations of the Violet's soul, but at last it entered the form of a young Indian girl. Her tribe had been slowly driven westward by the conquering pale faces, and now she sat dying by the broad waters of the mighty Pacific. The soul left her senseless form to enter that of the newly crowned queen of the Realms of Færy. Here it remained for many years. How happily the hours passed by, sporting over the green meadows, treading airy measures on the velvet turf, or threading the long aisles of the grand old forests, robbing the squirrel of his store of nuts and the wild bee of her honey, riding on the outspread wings of brilliant butterflies, or waging deadly war with some monstrous spider, swinging idly in the cups of flowers and sipping the dew-drops that sparkled on their petals.

When Death made vacant the throne of Fairy-land, the soul entered an egg that lay in the nest of a nightingale; and when the nestling was hatched and began to sing, it sang more sweetly than ever bird sang before. The memory of its former life prompted its *bird song*, the remembrance of the deep sea-caves, the free Scottish hills, the mighty Alpine peaks, the grand, dark western forests and the bright Elfin world.

The sweet songster died, and its soul passed gently, as it sang to the Rose, in the still moonlight, a low, soft hymn that memory brought from an Italian convent. That night, in the cottage of a poor Swedish peasant, a little girl was born. Into her entered the nightingale's soul.

The maiden has arisen, like the lark, from a position lowly as the Violet's to a place as lofty as the star's. Admired and loved by all is the child of the poor Swedish peasant, for the maid into whom passed the soul of the nightingale is JENNY LIND.

*ALICE CARY'S PICTURES OF COUNTRY LIFE.**

From The London Literary Gazette.

THE only lamentable thing about this book is its prodigality of material. Subject matter enough for half-a-dozen full grown novels is compressed into tiny magazine tales of not many more pages: characters full of vitality and individual distinctness are dwarfed into mere miniature portraits: and incidents, which might have been expanded into plots and complicated into entanglements three volumes long, are passed in review before us like a troop of mannikin soldiers, any one of which might have been nurtured into a literary Goliath. This is in no wise a condemnation of the book: on the contrary it is a confession of the exceeding wealth of material garnered within its pages; and if we regret the lavish outpour of all this wealth in so small a place, it is for the sake of the authoress herself, not her readers. Had she amplified and elaborated more, she would have put her capital out to larger interest, and have husbanded her resources for future ventures.

The stories are very sweet and charming, and the personages stand out with all the intensity of American portraiture; there is not the faintest dash of melodrama throughout; and a pure and beautiful spirit pervades every page. One of the prettiest of the tales is that of "Hasty Words, and their Apology." The picture of Myrie is perfect in its way; as bright a touch as was ever laid on canvas or paper:

"She was sitting on the border of grass at the edge of the walk close by the gate, where Luther had left her, and with one hand was pulling the curl out of her brown hair, while the other rested on the head of the big watch-dog that lay with his speckled nose half buried in the turf at her feet.

"Luther mounted the steps of the portico, and, looking in all directions but where the dog was, whistled for him loudly—perhaps to arrest the attention of the little girl; but her brown eyes looked steadily at the ground; and when the dog, slipping his head from beneath her hand, trotted down the walk, she remained quiet, looking on the ground all the same, only betraying that she felt herself observed by pulling her scanty skirts over her bare feet.

"Luther petted and scolded the dog by turns, but without eliciting any notice from the child; he then took his play-fellow's ear in one hand, and raced up and down the walk, close to her feet, but she, turning slightly aside, picked out the grass, spear by spear, never once lifting her brown eyes.

"She had gone to the gate to meet and welcome him home; he had given her the unceremonious greeting recorded, and no second friendly overture would she make. Luther had found his match: half way down the walk he stopped suddenly, exclaiming, 'Oh, I have found something beautiful; whoever comes for it may have it.' Now, there was no one to come except the child at the gate; but he had not called directly to her, and she would not go. Luther now sat down on the bank and fixed his gray eyes on the little girl (for he was not used to be so disregarded), but in vain were all his looks of displeasure when she would not see them.

"He was sorry in his heart for what he had said, but he would not openly acknowledge it; and modulating his voice to something like entreaty, he said, 'Come here and see what I have found.'

"'It is nothing that belongs to me,' the child answered, for the first time lifting up her eyes.

"'Encouraged by the mildness of her voice, he added, authoritatively, 'I tell you to come and see.'

"'I will not,' answered the little girl, tossing the curls from her bare brown shoulders, and returning his gaze.

"'Well,' said Luther, if you won't come for it, you shan't have it—that's all'; and he affected to put something in his pocket.

"'I don't want what is not mine,' she replied.

"'But how do you know that it is not yours?'

"'Because,' said the child, wiping her eyes with her hand, 'I had nothing to lose'

"Luther regarded her more attentively now, and saw that she did not look as if she had much to lose—her dress was faded and outgrown so much that, try as she would, she could not make the scanty skirt stay over her bare brown feet. One by one the tears fell from her eyes slowly down her cheeks, and with each that fell the boy took a step towards her."

This is a little oval by Gainsborough; a genuine bit of nature, fresh, real and unsophisticated; a picture to haunt one, like Reynolds's beautiful little "Strawberry Girl," whom we all seem to have known sometime in life, but to whom we cannot give a name, any more than to any other form which expresses our ideal. Myrie, in the opening pages, is one of those ideals; twin sister to the Strawberry-girl—or perhaps that dainty little maid herself translated to the American woods, with wild vine leaves trailing above her head in place of the sturdy English oak. Myrie passes from childhood up to maidenhood and maturity, but she never appears so lovely as when she has her first baby quarrel with Luther, and tries to pull her scanty frock over her bare brown feet. Luther is not quite so consistently worked out. It seems as if the authoress suffered her ruth to overcome her art, and so broke off in the middle of her sketch, and softened down the ugly lines till she made them beautiful like the rest, but slightly inharmonious with their first intention and scarcely symmetrical with the whole design. The passage from a proud, selfish, unfeeling youth to a great and noble manhood, is not shown with sufficient clearness of growth. We have no fine gradations; no imperceptible tones gradually changing the expression without an abrupt record of means; no masterly shadings leading up to the final tint; but all is sudden and positive—a moral and literary kind of hocus pocus, the process of which no one shall understand. Yet the story is exceedingly touching in spite of this little blemish; and is told naturally and unaffectedly, with very few Americanisms to interrupt the flow and remind one of an intervening nationality. The most glaring Yankeeism is "Laurie choked on the tea"; but it comes in appropriately enough, and spoils nothing fine or sentimental. A good racy bit of provincialism, judiciously applied, often helps a lagging page. It is the squeeze of lemon that tones up the sauce.

"The House with Two Front Doors" is another pretty tale, full of cross purposes, and irritating one's nerves dreadfully against the imbecility of people who will not speak out, and so make an end of all their misunderstandings, but who prefer instead to go maundering and mooning through years of misery, all because they love by looks, not words, and suffer themselves to be swayed by accent and emphasis in the room of deeds. If people in story books had ordinary candor or common sense, nay, if they possessed but as much penetration as a Bushman or a Fiji might be supposed to have, novel-writers would come to a sad stand-still for material. Again, a sad and singularly beautiful story is that of "Eliza Anderson," who, like Myrie, passes up from childhood to old age, but ends less happily. By weak compliance with her worthless brother George she offends her true lover, Caspar, the schoolmaster; breaks off her engagement with him, and entrenches herself in her pride when he would have soothed away her refusal; at last coming to the bloodless misery detailed in the following chapter:

"Years ago all this happened, and what either party or both have suffered, only themselves know. The same house, shabbier than it used to be, with the one uncurtained window towards the street, is standing yet. Sometimes in the evening twilight you will see there a plain, pale woman, with gray hair, sewing by the last light. She does not smile, nor look as if she had smiled for many years, or ever would again. Often three bright, laughing children go in at the gate with parcels of sewing, and they climb over her chair and kiss her, and wonder why she is not gay and laughing like their mother; and when they go away they are sure to leave more money than she has earned behind them; they are Caspar's children, and the woman is Eliza Anderson.

"Sometimes you will see there a ragged, wretched man, lame in the right leg, and with one arm off at the elbow—his face has in it a look of habitual suffering, of baffled and purposeless suffering, as if all the world was set against him, and he could not help it; and that is George.

"Sometimes in the night, when all is dark and still, a white-haired man leans over the broken gate, forgetting the white wall of his own garden, and all the roses that are in it, and the pretty children that are smiling in their dreaming; and even the wife, gone to sleep, too, in the calm, not to say indifferent, confidence that he will take care of himself, and come home when he gets ready. He leans there a long while thinking, not of what is, but of what might have been, and wondering whether eternity will make whole the broken blessings of time. That is Caspar, to be sure—who else should it be?"

What a poem set in genuine heart-language is this chapter! One needs not to have gone through all the story to comprehend it, for it is complete in itself, and as touching as anything we have ever read. The woman who could write that pathetic page can do much greater things; for it is not given to many to have a deeper insight into the secret tragedies of life than this betrays. "An Old Maid's Story," too, is a sweet and gentle idyll, dealing with the hidden feelings of life rather than with noisy, patent, overbearing facts, and contriving to make an exquisite little poem of these, without incident or excitement to help author or reader. It is a great power that Alice Cary shows; and we hope that she will not exhaust herself too soon, and compress into a few pages the subject, thoughts and beauties that would well expand into volumes. Every tale in this book might be selected as evidence of some new beauty or unhackneyed grace. There is nothing feeble, nothing vulgar, and, above all, nothing unnatural or melodramatic. To the analytical subtilty and marvellous naturalness of the French school of romance she has added the purity and idealization of the home affections and home life belonging to the English: giving to both the American richness of color and vigor of outline, and her own individual power and loveliness. It is a book which ought to have an immense success; for it is full of force and beauty, and without a tainted page or an equivocal thought throughout. We hope, and venture to predict for it a warm welcome in England, and a large and appreciative circle of admiring readers.

**Pictures of Country Life.* By Alice Cary. Derby & Jackson, New York. Sampson Low, London.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

FREEDOM'S ANNIVERSARY.

Go up in crowds unto your jubilee!
Go up, with thanks, upon this heavenly morn!
Go up, with prayers, though pointed with a thorn,
And off'rings fitted to a nation free!
Your fathers poured their blood for you and me,
And for their colleagues 'neath the warm skies born:
Why from your birthright then be rudely torn?
Why cowed and bonded as your brethren be?
Go up, and stand erect, and nobly plead
For fellows suffering from this direful wrong!
For their sakes let your tender bosoms bleed,
For their sakes let your earnest words be strong.
Give thanks to Heaven for many thousands free;
Work, for thralled millions, on this jubilee!

Milney, Aug. 1, 1858. A. P. C.

*CURETON ON THE SYRIAC GOSPELS.**

From The London Times.

MODERN scholars are not blest with many great literary windfalls, but such windfalls as we do obtain come from that tree of knowledge which grows in the East. The classical languages have been sucked dry. There is little now to be derived from them. It is in the Oriental languages that the grand discoveries of our time are being made. Now we hear of arrow-head inscriptions being read, and now of singular hieroglyphics being deciphered; now we resuscitate the Assyrian past, and now we make a resurrection among the Egyptian tombs. And not the least among the discoveries which the study of Oriental learning has produced deserves to be reckoned the volume of which we are now going to give some account, and for which we are indebted to the Rev. Dr. Cureton.

The time has not yet come at which we can fully estimate the value of what the learned Rector of St. Margaret's has been able to place before the scholars of this and other countries. He is himself content simply to publish the MSS. which he has discovered, and to state all the facts regarding them, reserving his opinions to some future opportunity. The biblical critics will carefully examine all that is here advanced, and soon let us know what is its precise bearing on the canon of Scripture. Meanwhile we must bear our testimony to the great labor and learning which are conspicuous throughout the present volume, and which have hitherto been more appreciated on the continent than in this country. We must also add that whatever be the net result of Dr. Cureton's discovery after it has passed through the crucible of criticism, it must always be of surpassing interest to every earnest student of the sacred Scriptures.

The manuscript from which the present text has been printed was obtained in the year 1842, by Archdeacon Tattam, from the Syrian monastery dedicated to St. Mary Deipara, or Mother of God, in the valley of the Natron Lakes. Bound together, so as to form a volume of the Four Gospels, it consisted of three ancient copies, rather confusedly arranged, with a few leaves added in a more recent hand to make up the deficiencies. The volume ends with a request that the reader will pray for the soul of the sinner who transcribed these additions, and with a statement to the effect that the whole was put together in the year of the Greeks 1533, which is equivalent to the year 1221 of the Christian era. The volume thus arranged and bound was soon found to consist of several manuscripts selected almost at hazard, and pierced together chiefly by consideration of size, so as to form a complete copy of the Four Gospels. Several other volumes from the same library were made up in a precisely similar fashion. The person who arranged them seems to have had no idea of collecting the scattered parts of the same original volume, which had fallen to pieces, but merely to have taken the first leaves that came to his hand, mixing in the most absurd ways parts of three or four manuscripts with parts of three or four others, written at different times and by different scribes. In rebinding the volumes after they had been deposited in the British Museum, this injury has, of course, been repaired, and the work, which has now been printed, consists of eighty-two leaves and a half belonging to the original manuscript, and five others added, as it would seem, when in the year 1221, the Syrian monks indulged in their curious style of bookbinding. These eighty-two leaves are of large quarto, written in a bold hand in two columns, and the learned editor who now publishes an English translation, as well as the Syriac original, suggests that they were transcribed about the middle of the fifth century.

When the volume first came into his hands, he says that he laid it aside among the other earliest manuscripts of the Gospels, without further examination, concluding that it could not be other than an early copy of the Peshito, the Peshito version of the Syriac Gospels bearing in every part very strong evidence of translation from the Greek. On subsequently looking at the volume, however, Dr. Cureton was struck by observing several erasures in the Gospel of St. Matthew, and, on examining the matter more closely, it appeared that the corrections supplied were taken from the Peshito, and that the passages erased, therefore, were passages in which this Syriac version differed from the Peshito. A little further examination showed that the text of this Gospel according to St. Matthew, as indeed of all the Gospels, is very different from that of the Peshito. Here, in short, is a Syriac version of the Gospel hitherto quite unknown in Europe.

Many persons will wonder what there can be in the least remarkable about this, and, as far as the Gospels of Mark, Luke, and John, are concerned, perhaps the discovery is of no great importance. The great importance of the discovery depends on the fact that the Gospel of Matthew was originally written, not in Greek, but in Syriac. The Greek version, which is the basis of every translation, is itself a translation. Matthew wrote his history in that Hebrew dialect which our Savior used. No fact relating to the history of the Gospels is more fully and satisfactorily established. This evangelist wrote his Gospel for the benefit of the Jews, not in the ancient Hebrew, in which the Old Testament was written, but in that Syriac or Chaldaic dialect which had been adopted after the captivity in Babylon. What has become of this original version of the Gospel according to St. Matthew? That particular Syriac version which has been published under the name of the Peshito has evident reference to the Greek translation, if it is not directly rendered from it.

And the question is, have we here the original Gospel of St. Matthew, or anything which we can accept as an approximation to it? The very title of it, as it appears in the manuscript, is, "The Distinct Gospel of St. Matthew;" at least, that is the translation which Dr. Cureton gives to the Syriac title. Professor Bernstein, of Breslau, the father of Syriac scholars of the present day, asserts that the words thus translated by Dr. Cureton really mean the Gospel divided into lections—that is, portions to be read on certain days throughout the year—an interpretation which seems to be inapplicable to a copy where there is no such division. Perhaps it would be dangerous to lay too much stress on the title of the Gospel, and the learned editor chiefly calls attention to the facts regarding the formation of the Syriac canon and the internal structure of the Syriac Gospels.

He brings forward evidence to show that the Gospels of St. Mark and St. Luke were translated into Syriac even before the present canonical Greek version of Matthew was in existence, and that in any case the Syriac canon of the New Testament cannot be referred to a later age than the second century of the Christian era—at a time, therefore, when the original Aramaic or Hebrew Gospel of St. Matthew was still to be found, and when it would have been absurd to produce a Syriac translation of the Greek version, itself translated from the Syriac.

How the original Syriac of St. Matthew came to be lost sight of is a question which must be rather puzzling to the critics; but taking into consideration the fact of the probable existence of the original Gospel of Matthew down to a very late period—down, perhaps, to the time of Jerome—and comparing the version of St. Matthew which we have in the present manuscript with the versions of the other Gospels, which are very different, and bear marks of translation not to be found in the first of the Gospels, Dr. Cureton arrives at the conclusion that in the manuscript of the Natron monastery he has discovered what we may accept as being very nearly the Aramaic original. After summing up the evidence, he says:

"Whatever conviction these arguments may bring to the mind of others, I have no hesitation in saying that they have fully satisfied my own that this Syriac text of the Gospel of St. Matthew which I now publish has to a great extent retained the identical terms and expressions which the Apostle himself employed; and that we have here, in our Lord's discourses, to a great extent, the very same words as the Divine Author of our holy religion himself uttered in proclaiming the glad tidings of salvation in Hebrew dialect to those who were listening to him, and, through him, to all the world."

Of course, we cannot in these columns go over the evidence which Dr. Cureton brings together, all the historical testimony and all the verbal criticism. These are arguments which each scholar must weigh for himself. We can give but the general result, which is evidently of no small importance. Dr. Cureton has satisfied himself that here for the first time the scholars of Europe have submitted to them the original Gospel of St. Matthew. Who that ever thinks seriously of these things but must take a lively interest in such a statement, and ask with some impatience whether these scholars will endorse his views?

*Remains of a very ancient Recension of the Four Gospels in Syriac, hitherto unknown in Europe. Discovered, edited, and translated, by William Cureton, D.D., F. R. S., Rector of St. Margaret's, and Canon of Westminster. London: John Murray.

CONSIDER THE LILIES, HOW THEY GROW.

The lilies fair are found
On shadowy ground,
The shady haunts of sunny clime,
And breathe the balm of summer time;
Refreshed by morning dew, and veiled from noontide glow,
They taste the softest light and air, and this is how they grow.

Updrawn from verdant sod
By look from God;
These holy, happy, flowers pervade
The sloping lawn, the forest glade;
And charmed by zephyr's wing, and lulled by streamlet's flow,
They calmly muse, they brightly dream, and this is how they grow.

They bloom in sheltered nook,
By curling brook:
And Earth how firmly, fondly loves
These treasures of her streams and groves;
The dark mould cherishes their petals, white like snow,
With heaven-apportioned nutriment, and this is how they grow.

I have considered them,
The flexile stem,
The blossoms pending airily
Beneath their leafy canopy,
Their witching fragrance, spotless hue, and thus I feel and know
That God imparts their loveliness, and this is how they grow.

—*Dublin University Magazine.*

MR. MAY'S LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

Correspondence of The Syracuse Standard.

PRAGUE, May 26, 1859.

DEAR FRIENDS: When I was a little boy, I used to listen with great admiration to my sister's playing of "The Battle of Prague," then a very famous and favorite piece of music; and here I am at the place which was the scene of the terrible conflict described in that music. When I was old enough to study the Elements of Astronomy, I learnt the name of Tycho Brahe, and committed to memory some account of his contributions to that noble science; and here I am in sight of the observatory where he studied the heavens. When I opened the volumes of Ecclesiastical History, I was soon brought to know something of John Huss, the great Protestant Reformer; and here I am close by the convent where he first came to the discovery of other and higher truth than the church was pleased to communicate to the people, and which he converted into a school of freer and better theological doctrine. I shall soon go out to explore the city, and visit the spots so sacred.

But, before I go, let me tell you a little about Vienna, which is altogether too important and too beautiful a city to be skipped in my account of our travels. Different members of our party were eager to make quick work of seeing this capital of the Austrian Empire. Then, owing to the war, the Emperor's palace and the arsenal, and some other state institutions, were not accessible to strangers. So that I was obliged to content myself with a rapid and cursory survey of Vienna. But I saw enough to be prompted to the frequent exclamation, "Why, this is as beautiful a city as Paris."

As we approached it on the railroad, in the fresh light of early morning, its appearance was very attractive. It seemed stretched out at the base of a distant chain of mountains, which made a very good background. There were several large palaces and lofty spires scattered about which relieved the view of monotony that otherwise would have settled over a city built upon a plain.

On entering Vienna we were struck with the long ranges of palatial houses, built of light-colored stone, or of brick covered with stucco. The streets were all well paved and clean, but not wide enough, though better in this respect than the streets of Rome, of Florence or Bologna. They are not regular, and yet the principal ones tend to a common centre—St. Stephen's Square. Around the old walled city there is an extended belt of lawn land, given up to grass and trees, excepting only where it is crossed by the great thoroughfares of the city. On the outside of this glacis are the suburbs of the city, in which are several of the palaces and other fine buildings and blocks of houses. On the south-east side of the city is a park extending four or five miles, which is consecrated to the recreation of the people, and healthful exercises. It is crossed in various directions by excellent roads and paths, which are lined on both sides by belts of trees. The roads invite to driving or horseback riding, and the paths to pedestrian exercises, while there are everywhere shady retreats for the feeble or weary, and ample spaces for the sports of the young and frolicsome. The Prater—for that is the name of this park—is an inestimable blessing to the city, and an honor to those who planned and bestowed it upon the people. There are several public gardens, also, in the suburbs, where the inhabitants are, every pleasant evening, regaled with music.

The greatest architectural attraction in Vienna is the *Cathedral of St. Stephen's*. Our guide book quotes some one who says, "all that is lofty, imposing and sublime in the Gothic style of architecture is united in this cathedral." I thought as much before I had read the quotation. Certainly I have never yet seen any specimen of that style, not even Westminster Abbey, that could bear a comparison with this. I shall bring home a good picture of it, that you may see what I cannot describe. We attended worship in this church and also in St. Peter's, and were pleased to see women as well as men kneeling or sitting together in pews, and joining in the prayers and hymns of the church.

The next day we visited the Belvidere Palace, and spent hours in viewing the large collection of pictures there, ancient and modern. But I have already seen so many pictures in Paris, Naples, Rome, Florence, Bologna and Venice, that I was more wearried than gratified.

We then went to one of the Public Gardens, in the centre of which there is a building, like the Temple of Tuscans, at Athens, erected to hold an immense piece of statuary by Canova—"Theseus killing a Centaur." I have no doubt it is an admirable piece of work; but it is a disgusting subject, as are too many of the sculptures that I saw in the cities of Italy—representatives of deeds of violence or revenge. It may be well enough to save such sculptures that may be found among ancient ruins; but for modern Christian artists to spend their time upon the barbarous fables of heathen mythology, seems to me a sad misuse of their talents.

On Tuesday we visited the still larger picture gallery of Count Liechtenstein, which so tired me that I was indisposed to go to the still larger and, as I was told, finer collection of Count Esterhazy. Instead, we went to see the Royal Stables. They are three stories high, built around a rectangular court 400 feet long, and 156 wide, and look very much like a palace. The lower story on three sides is devoted to horses, on the fourth side to a riding school. There were stalls for 600 horses. More than 500 of these were occupied. The tenants of the others, we were told, had been taken off to the war. Never before have I seen so many beautiful horses. They were of every choice variety that is known; and they looked as much cared for as if they were members of the Emperor's household. Some young friends of mine, that I could name, would have been especially delighted, and might have been led to wish that they had been born sons of the Emperor. No such wish was awakened in my bosom. I came away saying with more emphasis than ever, "What a pity, what a wrong, that so much wealth and power should be allowed to accumulate, and to be retained by inheritance in the hands of one person. No one man was ever, or will ever be, wise and good enough to use so much wealth and power judiciously—beneficially to others, or happily for himself." But I will not now pursue this thought.

We were not admitted into the coach houses of his Royal Highness, because we had not obtained certain certificates. So we went riding about the beautiful city, and out upon the Prater, of which I have already spoken.

At 5 1-2 o'clock we went to *Volksgarten* (i. e., the People's Garden) to see the people enjoying themselves, and to hear Strauss's Concert. At 7 1-2 we went to the Italian Opera, where we witnessed a very excellent performance. It was over by 10 1-2 o'clock—so that we had time to pack our trunks and get to bed in good season.

Yesterday morning, at 7 1-2 o'clock, we reluctantly left Vienna, and "The Empress Elizabeth," which we, with one accord, recommend to "all inquiring friends" as one of the best homes for travellers we have yet enjoyed.

For fifty miles after leaving Vienna, the railroad passed over a level country, similar to the fifty miles before we came to the city. It appeared to be equally well cultivated, and to promise as large crops of wheat, rye, oats, grass and vegetables, but no grapes.

We stopped to dine at Brunn, 94 miles from Vienna. There we saw at a distance the Castle in the dungeons of which Silvio Pellico spent eight years, and Baron Trenck ended his days.

Soon after leaving Brunn, we passed through several tunnels and deep cuts, showing that we had come into a mountainous country. Everywhere, however, we saw abundant evidences of the industry and thrift of the Austrian country people. Besides well-cultivated fields, we passed many manufacturing villages, where we supposed iron and woolen works were carried on extensively.

We liked the appearance of the dwellings of the people much better than in Italy. They were white and cheerful, but too much huddled in villages and hamlets.

DRESDEN, May 28th, 1859.

DEAR FRIENDS: Well, we spent a day at Prague. We saw a great many things that interested us—many objects to admire; and we were thoroughly fatigued at night. I do not intend to attempt so much another day while I am in Europe.

Prague, the Capital of Bohemia, has a population of 150,000 inhabitants. Eight or nine thousand of them are Jews. The greater part of the Christians there are Roman Catholics, although it is obvious enough that there, as well as in Vienna, Roman Catholicism is not precisely what it is in Rome and Naples.

We put up at the Hotel *Goldener Engel*, in the Zeltner strasse, one of the finest streets in the city. Directly opposite to our window was the house in which the Princess Windischgratz was shot by one of the revolutionary leaders, in June, 1848. The spot where she was standing was pointed out by the valet de place, whom we had taken to show us the most of the city in the shortest time. He took us to the "*Grosser Ring*," or large Square, in which were several of the public buildings, and where occurred some of the most tragic acts that have signalized the history of the city. On one side of that square stands the *Teyn Church*. It is an uncouth pile, remarkable for its two towers, upon each of which are nine spires. But the interior contains several things that are interesting, especially a monument to the renowned astronomer Tycho Brahe, over the spot where his remains were buried. It is of red marble, rudely sculptured, and is attractive only because it bears his name.

But it was in this church that the doctrines of Huss were long preached. Therefore it must ever be an interesting place to every one who reveres the memory of that great reformer and Protestant martyr.

After walking through its now gloomy aisles, and taking a brief survey of its architecture and its decorations, we went forth again under the guidance of our valet. He took us to see the house where Huss lived; and showed us the University or *Carolinum*, which was the first great public school established in Germany, and which was in such high repute that it drew thither students from all parts of the Continent, to the number, we are told, of 40,000 at one time. John Huss was Rector of the University, and there he and Jerome of Prague taught the doctrines which prepared the people of Germany to embrace the Reformation of Luther.

Our guide then led us to the bank of the river Moldau, which separates the city into two parts—*Altstadt* (or old town) and Kleinseite (or new town). The new part of the city is built upon the ascent of a steep hill, so that the fine houses and palaces which are there appear on terraces one street above another to the summit, which is crowned by the large Gothic church dedicated to St. Vitus. The view of the Kleinseite, from the spot where we stood, was one of the finest I have ever seen. Besides the church on the summit, there was the Hoadschin—the palace of the Bohemian Kings, "an imposing mass, running along the crept of the eminence, and overtopping all intermediate buildings." It is now the residence of Ferdinand, late Emperor of Austria, who abdicated his throne in favor of the present sovereign, and who passed us, in an unostentatious carriage, while we were looking at the place of his retirement.

The stone bridge over the river Moldau, connecting the old city with the new, is a grand structure of its kind, and very famous in the history of Prague. There are massive towers at each end, and fourteen statues on each side. One of them is a bronze statue of St. John Nepomucemus. I first saw his name on a church in Venice, and confess that all I know about him has been learnt from Murray. His memory is very precious in Prague and throughout Bohemia. "According to the Popish legend," Murray tells us, "he was thrown from the bridge into the river and drowned, in 1383, by order of King Wenceslans IV., because he refused to betray the secrets confided to him by the Queen, in the holy rite of confession." The spot where the outrage was committed is marked by a cross upon the parapet of the bridge; and every year thousands of pilgrims, from all parts of Bohemia, come to worship at that spot, especially on the 24th of May.

After crossing the bridge, we ascended the hill to the summit of the Kleinseite. There we found a large paved square, surrounded on three sides by the palaces of Kings and Dukes, and on the fourth side by the Church of St. Vitus. We went into some of the apartments of the palace of the ex-Emperor Ferdinand, which were handsome, but not sumptuous, and out upon a balcony that commanded a very fine view of the river and the city.

St. Vitus's Church, or Cathedral, is an imposing old Gothic structure, but not to be compared with the cathedral at Vienna. There were many things in the interior which we dwelt upon with eager curiosity. The most imposing is the *Shrine of St. John Nepomucemus*. The person of the saint and four attendant angels, the canopy and all the decorations are of silver, and weighing in all 37 cwt.

We descended from the church and crossed the river in a ferry-boat, several hundred feet below the bridge, and landed in the Jews' quarter of the city. Descendants of Abraham have lived on that spot, it is said, longer than in any other part of Europe. They have, from time to time, suffered terrible persecutions there. Nevertheless, with a tenacity of purpose for which that race has been distinguished above all others, they have persisted in abiding there, until of late they have ceased to be molested. They are no longer restricted to their "quarters," but enjoy the freedom of the city.

We went first to their old burial ground. It was literally full of grave-stones and monuments, many of them several hundred years old. One is said to date from A.D. 606. We were conducted through the very narrow, winding path to the graves of Rabbi Abignor Karo and Rabbi Lowi, said to have been very learned and pious men—one the intimate friend and fellow student of Tycho Brahe; the other the founder of two hospitals. So Miss E. H. and I each put a stone upon their monuments, that being with the Jews an expression of respect for the dead, and came away, feeling that we had another evidence that the Jews were indeed "a peculiar people." We just looked into the Synagogue at the gate of the burial ground, and then went to see the Old Synagogue, which is reputed to be the oldest building in Prague. It is small, making no pretensions to architectural beauty, and having indeed nothing to make it attractive but its extreme age.

By this time we had become not a little weary of walking and seeing. So we made the best of our way to our hotel, to dinner and to a couple of hours' rest.

Late in the afternoon we went to the *Bohemian Museum*, and saw there large collections of antiquities—of specimens in Natural History, especially in Mineralogy and Zoology—and of ancient books and manuscripts. Among the last were the "autograph challenge affixed to the gate of the University of Prague, by *John Huss*, offering to dispute with all comers on the articles of his belief; and an autograph letter of Ziska," the brave, indomitable leader of the Hussite army.

A visit of an hour or more to the Bohemian glass warehouses concluded the afternoon. Miss H. and I went back to our hotel, feeling that we had done too much, and yet that we had not seen a tithe of the city of Prague.

Yesterday morning we left Prague, on the railroad, at 8 o'clock, and rode 60 or 70 miles through a delightful country to Aussig, a bright-looking village at the head of navigation on the Elbe. There we went on board the "Dampfboot Kronprinz," which means Steamboat Crown Prince, and in six hours we reached Dresden.

Our sail down the Elbe was very agreeable. The country through which we passed—*Saxon Switzerland*—was all that its name led us to expect. Sometimes the mountains overhung the river; at other times they were sufficiently far from it to give us a margin of highly cultivated land. Everywhere we saw evidences of industry, hard work and abudance. In the fields there were more women than men at work; and even at the coal-yards along the river we saw them, in great numbers, doing their share of lifting and shovelling. I cannot be reconciled to this use of women. It is too severe for their physical constitutions, and must tend, it seems to me, to depress their spiritual nature, and to deaden their moral and domestic sensibilities. More of this, perhaps, hereafter.

I am sorry to be obliged to write my letters so hastily. However, be it remembered, they are written and printed only for the gratification of my very partial friends. If others choose to read them, they do so at their peril.

Yours truly, SAMUEL J. MAY.

HOW THE INDIANS MADE STONE ARROW HEADS—The heads of Indian arrows, spears, javelins, &c., often found in many parts of our continent, have been admired; but the process of forming them conjectured. The Hon. Caleb Lyon, on a recent visit to California, met with a party of Shasta Indians, and ascertained that they still need those weapons, which in most tribes have been superseded by rifles, or at least by iron-pointed arrows and spears. He found a man who could manufacture them, and saw him at work at all parts of the process. The description which Lyons wrote and communicated to the American Ethnological Society, through Dr. E. H. Davis, we copy below:

The Shasta Indian seated himself upon the floor, and laying the stone anvil upon his knee, which was of compact talcose slate, with one blow of his agate chisel he separated the obsidian pebble into two parts; then giving another blow to the fractured side, he split off a slab some fourth of an inch in thickness. Holding the piece against the anvil with the thumb and finger of his left hand he commenced a series of continuous blows, every one of which chipped off fragments of the brittle substance. It gradually assumed the required shape. After finishing the base of the arrow head (the whole being only a little over an inch in length), he began striking gentler blows, every one of which I expected would break it into pieces. Yet such was their adroit application, his skill and dexterity, that in little over an hour he produced a perfect obsidian arrow-head. I then requested him to carve me one from the remains of a broken porter bottle, which (after two failures) he succeeded in doing. He gave as a reason for his ill success, he did not understand the grain of the glass. No sculptor ever handled a chisel with greater precision, or more carefully measured the weight and effect of every blow, than this ingenious Indian, for even among them arrow-making is a distinct trade or profession, but in which few attain excellence He understood the capacity of the material he wrought, and, before striking the first blow, by surveying the pebble he could judge of its availability as well as the sculptor judges of the perfectness of a block of Parian. In a moment, all that I had read upon this subject, written by learned and speculative antiquarians of the hardening of copper, for the working of flint axes, spears, chisels and arrow-heads, vanished before the simplest mechanical process. I felt that the world had been better served had they driven the pen less and the plough more.—*N. Y. Courier and Enquirer.*

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

THE INDIAN.

Two hundred years ago or more,
On cold New England's rugged shore,
The Indian loved to dwell;
Full many a vale could tell the tale
Of Indian braves and belle.

His wigwam stood on every plain;
Thro' every grove he sought his game,
And up the mountain climbed.
For free he roamed and made his home
Where'er his will inclined.

Where broad Connecticut doth flow,
As far as Merrimac doth go
To meet the ocean's wave,
The light canoe, o'er waters blue,
Bore on the Indian brave.

The warrior's shout was bold and strong,
As banks and braes it sped among,
And filled the morning's air.
Ten thousand men, from hill and glen,
Were wont the bow to bear.

But ah, the land the Indian loved,
Where he invoked the Red Man's God,
Hath many a grassy mound,
Where lie entombed their mould'ring bones,
The cold damp earth around.

For, one by one, a mournful band,
They've passed away to the spirit land,
Whence none shall e'er return.
Full well they fought, till drop by drop
The life fires ceased to burn.

J. H. M.

Advertisements.

LIFE OF REV. JERMAIN W. LOGUEN. The Biography of Rev. JERMAIN W. LOGUEN is already written by an able pen, and would be at once published but for the pecuniary responsibilities incident to its publication.

The undersigned therefore issue this circular to the friends of Mr. Loguen and of the Underground Railroad, of which he has been, and still is, a faithful superintendent, to donate or subscribe for the publication. The amount of money to be raised to ensure its publication is $1,500—a sum quite too large for Mr. Loguen to assume consistently with his duties to the fugitive and to his family. We therefore invite the friends of Mr. Loguen and of the slave, by way of donation or subscription, to make up the sum of one thousand dollars.

When $1,000 is thus subscribed, the book will be immediately published, and the subscribers will receive the amount of the subscriptions in books if they wish. All over that sum Mr. Loguen will himself assume.

There are few men whose history is so marked with stirring incidents, instructive lessons, and encouraging examples, as Mr. Loguen's. It contains the peculiarities of Mr. Loguen's childhood, his daring escape from bondage, the perils and hardships he endured in his passage to freedom, and the acts of subsequent manhood, which have honorably connected his name with the moral and political causes for the last 20 years, which, to a large extent, have made the subject of African Freedom the living topic of private and public circles, of the press, the pulpit and the State and National Legislatures.

The Book will be about the size of the Life of Frederick Douglass, in one volume, illustrated by a Steel Plate likeness of Mr. Loguen, and will be delivered to subscribers at the price of One Dollar. Subscriptions paid on delivery.

Hon. A. P. GRANGER, IRA H. COBB, ANSON G. CHESTER, MOSES SUMMERS, WM. E. ABBOIT, H PUTNAM, ABNER BATES, C. PRINDLE, J. B. FOOTE.

LEGION OF LIBERTY.—A new edition of this work (compiled by the late Julius R. Ames, of Albany), which did so much good service in the anti-slavery contest of former years, has just been published by the American Anti-Slavery Society. This edition is larger than any preceding one, and forms a neat volume of 336 pages. For sale at the Anti Slavery Offices, 21 Cornhill, Boston; 138 Nassau street, New York; and 31 North Fifth street, Philadelphia. Price, 50 cents.

ANTI-SLAVERY PUBLICATIONS. The following works on Slavery are for sale at this Office. The price of each, as well as that for which it will be forwarded by mail, is given below:

	Price.	By mail.
Autobiography of a Female Slave,	$1 00	1 20
Abolitionism Exposed and Corrected,	15	17
Address to the Presbyterians of Kentucky,	3	4
Address of Wm. Lloyd Garrison, August 1, 1854,	10	14
Address of Theodore Parker, State House,	17	20
A Collection of Valuable Documents,	15	18
American Chattelized Humanity. By Jona. Walker,	10	16
Anti-Slavery Alphabet,	8	10
Appeal to the Women of the Nominally Free States. By Angelina G. Weld,	15	17
Argument of Wendell Phillips for Removing Judge Loring,	10	10
A Review of the Causes and Consequences of the Mexican War. By Judge Jay,	37	40
A History of the Mexican War. By Loring Moody,	20	23
Authentic Anecdotes of American Slavery. By L. Maria Child,	3	4
Brotherhood of Thieves. By S. S. Foster,	15	17
Branded Hand. By Jona. Walker,	25	25
Channing's Letter to Abolitionists,	10	12
Chattanooga,	1 00	1 15
Considerations Addressed to the Laity of the P. E. Church. By a Layman,	8	10
Cousin Ann's Stories for Children,	8	10
Derby Lecture. By Wm. H. Furness,	8	10
Despotism in America. By R. Hildreth (unbound),	38	40
Eulogy on Thos. Clarkson. By Prof. C. L. Reason,	15	17
Facts in the Life of Gen. Taylor,	20	23
History of the Struggle for Slavery Extension. By Horace Greeley,	20	28
Life of Isaac T. Hopper. By L. Maria Child,	1 00	1 18
Shamah, in Pursuit of Freedom,	1 25	1 43
Legion of Liberty,	50	53
Liberty Bell for 1856,	1 00	1 18
Mason Hodges (for children),	10	10
Manifest Destiny of the American Union,	10	10
Proceedings of Woman's Rights Convention, 1856,	25	28
Pinda—a True Tale. By Maria Weston Chapman,	10	10
Proceedings of the American Anti-Slavery Society, Second Decade Celebration	20	20
Parker's Defence in the Burns Slave Case,	1 00	1 15
Proceedings of Worcester Disunion Convention,	20	23
Review of Webster. By Theodore Parker,	10	10
Review of Webster. By Wendell Phillips,	10	10
Report of the Anti-Slavery Bazaar, 1858,	6	7
Report of the American Anti-Slavery Society, 1856,	25	25
Stroud's Sketch of Slave Laws,	15	22
Sketches of Places and People Abroad. By William Wells Brown,	75	90
The same (paper covers),	30	38

Persons wishing to order any of the above publications by mail should enclose the price, including postage, in a letter addressed to the American Anti-Slavery Society, 138 Nassau street, New York.

Philadelphia Advertisements.

BOARDING HOUSE.—Respectable persons can be accomodated with genteel boarding, transient or permanent, by applying to the subscriber, No. 832 South street, below Ninth, Philadelphia. WILLIAM STILL.

CARRIAGE REPOSITORY.—The subscriber informs the public that he has opened his new Carriage Repository, No. 156 Race street, below Fifth, where he intends to keep an assortment of new and second-hand Carriages for sale or exchange, or to hire. Carriages made to order on moderate terms. Carriages sold on commission. Carriages neatly repaired. GEO. DODD, Philadelphia.

KENDERDINE & JUSTICE, Importers and Dealers in Foreign and Domestic HARDWARE, S. W. corner Spring Garden and Seventh streets, Phila. Constantly on hand a general assortment of Hardware, Cutlery &c., at the lowest cash prices, wholesale or retail. Particular attention paid to furnishing Hardware for buildings.
JOSEPH R. KENDERDINE, | WARNER JUSTICE.

CONFECTIONERY—REMOVAL.—Leatitia Bullock, respectfully informs her friends and the public that she has removed to No. 152 North Sixth street, below Race, opposite the old stand, where she is prepared to furnish Ice Creams, Water Ices Jellies, Cakes, Candies, &c., of every description and of the best materials, all the produce of Free Labour, and warranted to give entire satisfaction. Parties and families furnished at shortest notice. Orders sent to any part of the city.

PRIZE MEDAL awarded in London, in 1851, for his superiority over all others in the manufacture of Travelling Trunks, Carpet Bags, Valices, Gum Shoes, Coaches Hobby-Horses, and sole leather, steel spring, iron frame, iron-bound Trunks of all descriptions, of the best materials and workmnaship. Black Leather Enamelled Bags, at the lowest prices.
THOS. W. MATTSON, Trunk Manufacturer, 130 Market street, S. W. cor. 4th, Philadelphia.

A LARGE assortment of SALAMANDER SAFES, of various sizes, always on hand, at No. 26 South Fourth street, Philadelphia. Warranted equal to any made in the United States. EVANS & WATSON, thankful for past favours, respectfully solicit a continuance of the same. Please give us a call before purchasing elsewhere. Patent slate-lined Refrigerators, Water Filters, &c. A large assortment always on hand.
N. B. Sole Agency for Butterworth's celebrated Bank Vault and Door Locks. These locks bid defiance to all lockpicks, Hobbs included.

SIGN of the MAMMOTH PEN, No. 72 N. Fourth street, (2d door below Arch), Phila., wholesale and retail Stationery; Blank Books, &c., which we will sell lower than the usual prices, English, French and American Cap, Letter and Note Papers, Envelopes, Sealing Wax, plain and fancy Wafers of every description, very superior Gold and Steel Pens, Ink and Inkstands, Sand Boxes, Wafer Cups, Paper Weights, plain and fancy Pen-holders, Drawing Pencils and Books, Bristol Board, Tracing Paper, Impression Paper, Tissue Paper. Visiting and Wedding Cards, Pocket Books, Portfollios, Bankers' Cases, Diaries, &c., Envelopes at 10 cents per 100 and 90 cents per 1000, *Mercantile Firms, Insurance Co., Banks*, &c., furnished with Blank Books, to order of the best materials and workmanship
CLOTHIER & PEDRICK, 72 N. Fourth street, below Arch street.

TO THOSE WHO ARE UNWILLING TO SUPPORT SLAVERY.—During the last twelve years a store of free labor goods has been kept at the N. W. corner of Fifth and Cherry streets, in this city, for the convenience of those who wish to avoid the use of the fruits of slavery. It will scarcely be denied that the rejection of slave labor cotton, sugar and rice is a good testimony against slavery—fully as influential against that system as a refusal to pay militia fines or to purchase prize goods is against war. Will not those who are willing to make a sacrifice, if need be, to sustain their convictions on the latter subject, lend their influence in like manner against slavery? This is the only Grocery kept by a Friend in the city. Much care is taken to keep good Sugars, Syrups, Molasses, Coffees, Teas, Cocoa, Chocolate, Rice, Spices, Fruit, &c., and a variety of Dry Goods. The proprietor aims to sell as low as he can to sustain the business. With double the patronage, prices could be somewhat reduced; probably every article could be sold as low as similar goods in the market. Many are so sold now. Those who favor the Store with their custom, and procure their Teas, Coffees, Spices, Chocolate and Cocoa, &c., will find the articles good, and free from adulteration. On hand, Dried Peaches of superior quality.
GEORGE W. TAYLOR.

Equality to all! Uniformity of Prices! A new feature in Business Every one his own Salesman.

JONES & Co., of the Cresent One Price Clothing Store No. 200 Market street, above 6th, in addition to having the largest, most varied and fashionable stock of Clothing in Philadelphia, made expressly for retail sales, have constituted every one his own salesman, by having marked in figures, on each article, the very lowest price it can be sold for, so they cannot possibly vary—all must buy alike. The goods are all well sponged and prepared, and great painstaken with the making, so that all can buy with the full assurance of getting a good article at the very lowest price.
Remember the CRESCENT, in Market, above 6th, No. 200, Phila. JONES & CO.